


BERNARD TEPKIN
LITERATURE



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BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES





A TURKISH LADY IN ORDINARY STREET COSTUME (CHARSHAF),
BUT WITH VEIL TURNED BACK

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

THE STORY OF A TURKISH
WOMAN'S LIFE

BY HESTER DONALDSON JENKINS



WITH 24 ILLUSTRATIONS

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FOREWORD

AN OPEN LETTER TO MY TURKISH
FRIENDS

Dear Halileh and Nelüfer, Nasly, Meliha, Sabiha and Leila, Hammiet Hanum and Nakieh Hanum, and the other Turkish ladies whose hospitality and acquaintance I have enjoyed—

For nine years I have lived in your beautiful city of Constantinople, and have learned to love Turkey and you. I have grieved with you over the dark days that are past, and have rejoiced with you over the wonderful transformation that July 1908 made in your land, and now I hope with you for the happy future of Turkey.

And for no one do I desire this future more than for the women of Turkey, to whom a free government brings a chance for growth and more abundant life. You whom I address are educated and enlightened women. May the day be hastened when all the women of Turkey shall receive the same development as you!

People in my country know little of yours, and perhaps least of all do they know the Turkish women. I write this book in the desire to make my American friends acquainted with my Turkish friends. My acquaintance

FOREWORD

is limited to women of Constantinople and a few others ; I am sorry I do not know the women of the interior Turkish towns and villages. My picture even of you whom I know must be inadequate ; I cannot convey the charm of your simple, gentle natures, your gracious and graceful manners, your low warbling voices, and your lovely expressive faces. It is but a crude thing to tell how you live, what you wear, and what you eat and read ; but, lacking a creative pen, I must satisfy myself with this analysis of the life of Turkish women, in the hope that from the bouquet of homely details that I cull for my readers from the fields and gardens on the Bosphorus, they may be able to detect the exquisite aroma of the beautiful Turkish personality.

CONTENTS

I. BABYHOOD	1
II. THE SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL	9
III. WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET	30
IV. MARRIAGE	37
V. HUSBANDS AND WIVES	52
VI. DIVORCE	78
VII. TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING	84
VIII. HOW A TURKISH WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF	102
IX. THE REAPER DEATH	121
X. RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES	133
XI. WORKERS AND BEGGARS	154
XII. CHARACTERISTICS AND POSSIBILITIES	167



ILLUSTRATIONS

A TURKISH LADY IN ORDINARY STREET COSTUME (CHARSHAF), BUT WITH VEIL TURNED BACK	<i>Frontispiece</i>
COMING OUT OF SCHOOL	10
MAKING TURKISH RUGS	18
STAMBOUL, FROM THE BOSPHORUS	22
THE SWEET WATERS OF ASIA	40
BEFORE THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED	65
CAÏQUES ON THE UPPER BOSPHORUS	76
A TURKISH LADY IN INFORMAL OUT-OF-DOORS DRESS, FOR SUMMER RESORT OR COUNTRY	78
PLANNING THE SECOND MARRIAGE	83
A TURKISH HOUSE	84
ORNAMENTAL WRITING ON A TURKISH TOMB	87
BUYING A DISH OF ICE-CREAM	92
BUYING AT THE DOOR	96
OUT FOR A WALK	103
THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE	105
"SHALL I MARRY SOON?"	106
IN A TURKISH CEMETERY	122
TURKISH CEMETERY AT EYOUB ON THE GOLDEN HORN	124
RESTING IN THE CEMETERY	129
MOSQUE OF SULTAN MEHMED THE CONQUEROR	135
INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF AHMED	138
THE MIHRAB, OR ALTAR, OF A MOSQUE IN BROUSSA	152
THE GALATA BRIDGE	158
A STREET-SELLER AND GIPSIES	170



BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

CHAPTER I

BABYHOOD

“ Where did you come from, Baby dear ?
Out of the everywhere into the Here.
How did it all just come to be you ?
God thought about me and so I grew.”

A BABY is the same marvel in Turkey as in the Western world. A Turkish mother will sit and gaze at her infant with wide eyes, pondering many things in her heart, as did Mary of old. When a girl baby is born, the mother is pleased, for any child is a joy and a wonder to her ; but the father is inclined to be disappointed, for a boy baby is so much more desirable than a girl. If a succession of girls is born to a family, one of them will be dressed as a boy, partly as a sentimental satisfaction and partly to cajole fate into sending them a boy. At Turkish weddings I have often seen, leaning against her mother's knee, a girl-faced child with long

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

curls, but dressed in trousers and a boy's full costume.

When I heard that Gule had given birth to a child, I went immediately to inquire for her. Her sister received me, and I was struck by the fact that instead of wearing her hair in a braid down her back, and being slackly dressed with heelless slippers, she had her hair handsomely arranged and was prettily gowned.

"How is Gule?" I asked.

"Very well, Effendim; won't you come in and see her?"

"Oh no," I replied hastily, "I came only to inquire; I am sure she is not fit to see any one."

"Oh yes," she insisted, "she expects people; other ladies are there, you must come in."

Thus urged, I allowed myself to be led into the best bedroom, where Gule and the newborn baby lay in state. Gule, gowned in a fluff of white lace, lay on a pink silk coverlet, her dark head resting on a pink silk, lace-trimmed pillow. At her feet, in a crib, lay the tiny mite of humanity that had just entered the world. Around the room, some squatting on the floor, some seated on chairs, most of them smoking cigarettes, and some of them talking, sat perhaps fifteen Turkish ladies watching the slight movements of mother and baby with deep interest. It seems they come early on the day

BABYHOOD

after a birth, stay many hours, then are succeeded by other friends, thus keeping the sick room full of inquisitive women for three days, leaving the poor little mother only the nights in which to feel herself alone with her treasure ; and even then a nurse watches her for fear a *peri* should possess either mother or child. They generally bring presents, but I, not knowing of the custom, had brought none. The sister gave me a cup of hot-spiced, red liquid to drink, this being a beverage special to such occasions. After pressing Gule's hand, and whispering my congratulations, I left, but none of the seated women stirred. Had I known the Turkish salutation, I ought to have said, "*Mashallah!* long-lived and happy may it be!" I asked Gule later if she did not find it very tiring to have so many women in the room for so long. She replied that as they were quiet she did not mind it at the time, but that afterwards she found herself exhausted. Sometimes guests are invited for the third day, and offered a collation and music, in which case they all bring baskets of sweets tied up with flowers. When we had left the room I inquired the baby's name, and how it was given. "Selma," replied the sister ; and the baby was named by the imam of the parish whispering the name "Selma, Selma, Selma," three times

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

in the baby's ear. There is no other christening ceremony, except the prayer that accompanies every act. On the eighth day the young mother goes to the public bath for a ceremony of purification. She is accompanied by relatives, and servants carrying towels, brass basins, new garments, and all the toilet requisites ; and baby is borne before the procession in her nurse's arms. Into the bath, before the mother enters it, the midwife throws some magic medicaments, and only after muttering spells, and blowing three times, does she let her patient enter the chamber of purification.

Boys later, sometimes many years later, must be circumcised, and this gives occasion for a social gathering, with sweets and puppet-shows, and perhaps dancing, to amuse the child and the guests ; but the girl goes through no other ceremony until her marriage.

A girl has only one name, which lasts her for her life. When she is old enough to receive the title, she is called *Hanum*, which corresponds to our Miss and Mrs. Thus Gule is addressed as *Gule Hanum*, and Selma as *Selma Hanum*. In addressing a Turkish lady, it is courtesy to say *Hanum Effendi*, or more briefly *Effendim*. *Effendi* means lord or lady, and *Effendim* is my lord, or my lady, or more like Monsieur and Madame in French. This word

BABYHOOD

Effendim is used constantly in conversation. Sometimes quite a ceremony will be conducted with simply this word, thus :

“Pray be seated, *Effendim*,” with an indication of the best divan.

“*Effendim* !” deprecatingly from the guest.

“*Effendim* !” firmly from the hostess.

“*Effendim* !” accepts the guest, seating herself and spreading her hands.

“*Effendim* !” with emphasis of satisfaction, from the hostess.

Many of the names have a meaning ; thus *Melek* is Angel, *Nasly* is Graceful, *Mihri* is Sun, *Leila* is Night, *Nelufer* is Lotus blossom, *Gule* is Rose, and *Gulistan* is Rose-garden.

As Western customs are creeping into Turkey, Turkish ladies are adopting the European custom, for their European friends, of taking their husband's name. I have a friend who is always known among the Turks, or to those who address her in Turkish, as *Hammiet Hanum*, but she has a French visiting card on which is engraved *Madame Houloussi Bey*.

A Turkish baby is very carefully swathed and generally fastened to a board resembling a small ironing board, to keep its back straight, and often it is veiled that it may take no ill from the air. In Turkish households there are many servants, so Baby of course has a

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

dada or nurse, generally a Greek or Armenian woman. The child has no perambulator and seldom goes out, but when she does so it is in the arms of the *dada*.

Should Baby be taken ill, what can be done to cure her? If Baby's parents are very progressive a good doctor will be called, either a Christian physician, or an educated Turkish physician; but if the family are at all old-fashioned, a Moslem priest will be called to exorcise the ailment. Has Baby mumps? The priest will write on the swollen glands a verse from the Koran. Has Baby sore eyes? The priest will breathe on the sore spots, for his breath, from constant repetition of the Most Great Name, has acquired a healing power. If Baby seems very weak, it may be taken to a *tekkeh* (monastery) of dervishes on a Thursday after they have howled, and the holy sheikh of the dervishes will lay the child on the floor face downward, and step on its little legs above the knees. This looks frightful, and always excites tourists who witness it, but it is really not at all painful, as the sheikh wears smooth heelless slippers, and steps on the soft part of the thighs. There are shops where magic charms may be bought for any ailment, in the form of sacred writings about the heart, the hand, the foot, or whatever

BABYHOOD

member is ailing, which may be swallowed or dissolved in water and drunk, or worn on the diseased spot.

I once went into a house where the child had been having convulsions. As the family was an educated family, they had sent for a good physician, but the grandmother had also insisted upon a priest being called. He asked the child's name, and being told it was Ayatullah, shook his head. In that name, said he, occur the letters of the name of God (Allah) three times, therefore the angels loved the child, and came to whisper in its ear, and the child might be so attracted by them that it would follow them to Paradise. He would advise changing the name. I said to the educated mother—

“Would you really fear such a thing?”

She answered, half-shamefaced, “I should not like him to want to go to the angels.”

But education triumphed; Ayatullah's name remained unchanged, and he recovered from the convulsions.

A Turkish baby has no toys, and her dolls are of the simplest,—little rag creatures made by a doting mother or grandmother, or a kitten dressed in a bit of silk.

More than one Turk has said to me, “We have no mothers,” and by that they meant that their women used no intelligence in bring-

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

ing up children. A Turkish child is given food, clothing, and shelter, and many caresses, but it has absolutely no training, moral or physical; it just grows, like Topsy. Its parents talk before it with absolute frankness, so that it early has a sophistication that shocks our more reserved Western ideas.

American education for women in Turkey has it very much at heart to make good mothers of these loving, ignorant women, the best of whom long to be taught to train their children.

CHAPTER II

THE SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

WHEN a Turkish girl reaches the age of five or six years, she must go to school. She will probably begin with a mosque school, which is very simple, somewhat similar to a dame school in an English village.

The *hodja* or teacher of this school will be informed that there is a new pupil awaiting him at such an house, and thither one morning he will betake himself, followed by his whole school, walking in twos behind him, the smallest children first, the largest last. They form a quaint procession, the little boys in fezzes and padded calico coats, the little girls in long straight outer garments with soft voluminous white kerchiefs over their heads and shoulders. The *hodja* and the children are courteously received by the parents, and the *hodja* is invited to seat himself. The new pupil is placed on his knee and given her first introduction to learning. After prayer the *hodja* pulls a paper-covered primer from his pocket and opens it.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Putting on his spectacles, he points to the first letter and pronounces impressively *Elif*, the name of the first letter of the Turkish alphabet. *Elif*, lisps the child on his lap.

Beh, says the *hodja*; and *Beh*, repeats the child. *Peh*, *teh*, *seh*, having been pronounced by both master and pupil, the child is considered to be launched on the sea of learning, and the first lesson is over. Then the children are all seated cross-legged on the floor, the new pupil with them, and a delicious meal of sweets and *pilaff* is given them. If the parents are rich, a present of money is made to the *hodja*, and *piastres*, silver coins worth four cents each, are given to the children.

When all the honey dishes are eaten and the little fingers licked clean, a donkey is brought to the door, and the child is mounted on the gentle grey beast, seated on a red velvet saddle, and led to the school, the *hodja* striding before her and the children marching two by two behind her. At the school, she is lifted from her proud position high above the other children, and is placed humbly on the floor, where she becomes one of the regular pupils of the school, without further personal distinction.

The plan of these schools is simple. A room, or if necessary two, is crowded with little mattresses on the floor, on each of which



COMING OUT OF SCHOOL

SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

sits a little pupil cross-legged before a crude low pine desk big enough to hold one book. The *hodja* sits in front of the children, where he can watch them. The curriculum consists of reading and writing Turkish, simple figuring, sometimes a bit of geography from one map, and the reading of the Koran in the original Arabic. This last they do not pretend to understand, but they learn to sway forwards and backwards, and read, or half intone, the sacred book in a loud nasal voice. The teaching is entirely individual, there being no class work. While one pupil is reading or writing or ciphering for the *hodja*, the others are all studying aloud, filling the air with a noise which may be heard far down the street.

In these schools the children learn to recognise and form the exceedingly difficult Arabic letters used in Turkish, and to read very simple Turkish; and by the constant reading aloud their tongues acquire great glibness in forming either the soft Turkish sounds or the guttural Arabic. The way they write would seem very strange to us. They hold the paper in the palm of the hand instead of laying it on a flat surface, and write with pointed sticks dipped in thick ink, writing from right to left, with a scratching sound. After the writing is

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

finished, they shake blue sand over it to blot it, so that the letters stick thick with sand. Every piece of writing is begun by a sign that means *Bismillah: in the Name of God*. The elementary Turkish Readers are curious books, of which I will give an idea.

The first reading will probably be a moral lesson, perhaps an account of all your father and mother do for you, ending with the statement that God does even more as He gives you your parents, and the exhortation to obey Him in all things, as Allah loves a good child, but hates a naughty child. The second reading will be a rudimentary geography lesson giving the words for *world, continent, hemisphere*, with the names Asia, Africa, Europe, America, and Australia. The third will be a moral tale, such for instance as that of polite little Ali, who picked up a cane for an old gentleman and was rewarded by a sweetmeat; of generous little Selma, who, having a delicious sweet, gave half of it to her brother; or of naughty Orkhan, who was rude to his teacher, and whom God did not love. A simple lesson in addition will follow, and some more geography, and perhaps an account of how farmers live, with ever and anon the moral tale and the injunction to study hard and grow up to be a good man or woman.

SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

Such are the elementary Readers in Turkish. A very advanced Reader, intended solely for girls, gives elaborate advice as to conduct towards your mother, your husband (who seems, according to this manual, to be very difficult to manage), and to your mother-in-law—a very important personage to a bride. I have seen girls reading this book with great interest. Sometimes, too, the advanced Readers contain horrible stories, stories quite unfit for childish ears, as we should think. Such was the story of two soldiers returning from their military service, who wagered that their parents would not recognise them. One went to the inn kept by his parents, and was not recognised, but in the night was murdered by his mother for the gold he had displayed. The terror and the remorse of the mother when the second soldier told her what she had done are quite horrid. This story I have found in more than one book.

The mosque schools are badly crowded rather dirty, and totally without ventilation. A Turkish youth to whom I gave English lessons, wrote me a not uninteresting account of his experience in such a primary school. I will tell part of his story in his own quaint phraseology :

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

“ *To my dearest Teacher—*

“ I feel obliged to thank you heartily because you recommended me to make an English composition on the subject ‘the description of my school life.’ I wished for many years past to write a book relating to my childhood and the earlier times of my youngness, but could find neither time nor courage to begin that great work. An order of a teacher was needed.

“ One day when I was five years old, a child running after butterflies, ravaging, devastating our flower garden, making paper boats, launching them with the necessary ceremonial in our large pond, walking in the long alleys of our garden with the dignity and pride of a general among his men, giving military salutes to the large trees on my sides, one day in my earliest childhood filled with such great occupations, my father seriously told me that I must go to school. What was school? I did not know perfectly well. To me it meant a small room much smaller than ours, personifying dullness, in which children like me were not allowed to play, but were under control of a *Monsieur Turbane*, who never laughed, never played with the children as our men used to do with me, and was always ready to punish their most innocent doings.”

He tells then of the ceremony of entering

SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

the school, which I have described a few pages above, and continues with an account of the school itself. His composition ends with a pretty tale of boy-and-girl friendship.

“The class-room was filled up by children of both sexes, girls in one part, boys in another, all sitting cross-legged on the floor, and studying aloud. We entered, all the children rose; the teacher saluted them and I hastened to imitate him, giving my familiar military salute, thinking at the moment of my trees. All the children laughed noisily, so that the master turned his eyes on me, and, seeing my hand lifted up for the salute, could not help joining in the laughter of the children.

“I was placed in the first class, immediately before the mattress reserved for the *hodja*, between two children repugnantly dirty; one, an amateur of handwriting, used his forefinger wetted in his mouth to wipe out nearly every word he wrote. Time made me accustom myself to the school. The lessons I liked most were geography and history. I disliked the Koran because I understood nothing of the Arabic in which it was written. Painting was my best amusement. One day I made a portrait of one of the little girls in our class. I showed it to her; she was exceedingly pleased. We were no more foreigners one to the other.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Some weeks after this acquaintance, I drew her attention by a heroic act.

“One day she had forgotten to bring ink to school. She went to take it out of the bottle and, not holding it firmly, it fell; nearly all the contents poured out, dirtifying the chair of the *hodja* and a large part of the floor. The poor little girl became deadly pale. She had only time to return hastily to her place in great fear, when the *hodja* entered, having heard the noise of the falling bottle.

“‘Who did this?’ asked the latter furiously in a fulminating voice.

“‘The reply was mine: ‘I, sir.’

“I was not contradicted by my fellows. The master rewarded my heroic act by a pair of formidable slaps in my face.

“The incident marked the beginning of a deep, true friendship which existed between Afifeh and me for many years. She exercised a very good influence upon my life: her character, her heart were truly angelic, and mine grew mild.

“I passed four years in the primary school. The marks I obtained in the last examinations were the very best. I was a very idle school-boy, but I endeavoured to prepare myself for these examinations in the most perfect way, because I was in a hurry to obtain my certifi-

SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

cate and to leave this school, where I was left friendless. Death had deprived me of my only friend, Afifeh. Some human creatures seem to have accidentally fallen from heaven upon earth. They are at first desirous of looking at and comprehending the nature of men and things surrounding them. But soon their curiosity is satisfied. They feel a strong dislike for the world, and hasten to return to their celestial abode. She was that kind of creature. Her grave is in my soul: I can never forget her angelical figure. Such an innocent, spotless love, felt in the spring of life, is worthy to be kept in the heart until its last beating."

It is only at the primary schools that boys and girls are allowed to be together. After our little girl has finished her course at this school, perhaps she will go to the Sultan Ahmed School, the oldest school in Constantinople, a low-ceiled stone building in the heart of Stamboul, or perhaps to the Dar-ul-malumat, a school where girls learn to teach. Both of these schools are exclusively for girls, and are taught mainly by women, a few elderly *hodjas* or managers being the only men who are allowed entrance to the premises. Here the girls sit on benches and have rude desks, here also are blackboards and a few maps; but ventilation and hygiene are as little considered

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

as in the mosque schools. The curriculum shows some advance over the mosque schools, including grammar, arithmetic, Persian, a little Turkish history, and always courses in embroidery and other hand-work. The methods of teaching are scarcely superior to those in the primary schools. The teachers here keep on their *charshafs*, with the veils turned back, and the girls all wear white head-coverings, because of the occasional appearance of a man.

There is one so-called industrial school in Stamboul, where the orphans who form the student body study half a day and embroider the second half-day, the sale of their embroidery bringing in enough to pay for their board, bed, and tuition. In all these schools, work is suspended for the regular prayers which are offered five times a day.

The greater part of the girls of Constantinople leave school when they finish the course of the mosque school. If they are then rich and ambitious, they have a French, English, or German governess in the house; if they are unambitious or poor, they study no further. Sometimes by the aid of governesses the young ladies become quite accomplished. I know a lady who speaks English exquisitely, and constantly reads it, who knows French and Greek, who paints a little, and plays the

MAKING TURKISH RUGS





SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

piano finely. Her most intimate friend has never had a governess, but she has taken lessons on the piano, which she plays well, and being of a family of poets, has read her own literature widely and understandingly, and has a love for the beautiful in literature, music, and nature. The best-educated Turkish women are of course those who have been educated at the foreign schools, either the French Sisters' schools, the English High School, or, highest of all, the American College for Girls in Constantinople. These girls are, unfortunately, few in number, as the Government of Abdul Hamid was very much afraid of Western education for the Turkish youth, and kept them out of the foreign schools. A few persisted in attending them, and when withdrawn by the Government, would bide their time and re-enter; but of these only one Turkish woman has ever taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and she took it from the American College for Girls in 1901. After the revolution, Government opposition ceased, and Turkish girls, eager for the education hitherto denied them, began to flock into the foreign schools. The new Government, moreover, realises the need of better schools for its daughters, and is making plans for an adequate system of education in Constantinople.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Pierre Loti has written in his charming style a novel called *Disenchanted*, in which he tells of a large class of educated Turkish women, who are fitted for a freer life than they are permitted to lead, and who are very restless and unhappy under the close restrictions of a Turkish woman's life. There is a good deal of truth in this picture, for a little knowledge has always been a dangerous thing, and the pioneers in learning have many hardships to encounter. But the French writer exaggerates both the numbers of educated women and their standard of learning. The upper class of Turkish women do not read Hegel and play Bach, and have not trained philosophic minds. If one speak several languages and read French novels and play moderately classical European music, she is far above her fellows. Among my acquaintances, there are just two Turkish women who care to read philosophy, or can understand higher mathematics; one is Halideh Hanum, who graduated from the American College for Girls in 1901, and has studied and written by herself ever since, and the other is Nazly Hanum, who is now (1909-10) a senior in the same college.¹ There are probably a few others;

¹ Since the above was written, Nazly Hanum has taken her degree of Bachelor of Arts from the American College for Girls at Constantinople.

SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

perhaps Selma Hanum, sister to Ahmed Riza Bey, who is at present President of the Chamber of Deputies, is among them. She followed her brother to Paris in her youth and spent ten years there, where he, a political exile, was organising the Young Turk party. She is a very intelligent woman, with an excellent grasp of political and educational problems. Another intelligent woman is Fatma Alieh Hanum, a much older woman than those I have mentioned, who has written a novel and some charming discourses on Turkish life, but I doubt her having any interest in German philosophy. The discontent of which Pierre Loti writes is common enough, for the influence of the poorer French literature on its constant readers has been to give false ideas of life, to increase sentimentality, and to arouse discontent.

But even the women who read French novels form a very small minority in the country. The average Turkish lady is as simple and almost as uncontrolled as a little child. Her conversation is largely made up of exclamations such as "Vai, vai, vai!" or "Allah, Allah!" which she will mutter perhaps twenty times in lieu of reasonable discourse. She has no notion of even the simplest items of knowledge. An American teacher was once gather-

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

ing roots and plants in a field, when such a woman accosted her, and asked her why she picked them when there were no flowers on them. The teacher tried to explain that she did it in order to study the plants, and learn of their life, and how they differed from one another. The woman listened dully, and then exclaimed, "May Allah give you sense!"

The only intellectual activity in such women seems to be curiosity about persons. When you cross the Bosphorus in a steamer, if you go into the cabin reserved for the *harem*, that is, the women, you are often plied with questions:

"Where do you come from?"

"Are you English?"

"Are you married?"

"Why not? You are beautiful: wouldn't your mother arrange a marriage for you?"

"Do you like Constantinople?"

"How far is America?"

"Don't you think you will ever get married?"

"Why did you go to town?"

"What did you get?"

"See what I bought."

Then you will be shown the purchases of one woman, and invited to take a bit of another woman's ring of bread.



STAMBOUL, FROM THE BOSPHORUS

SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

Intelligent men dread taking such women to wife. I knew one Turk who rebelled against having a wife who could not be a companion to him, and finally became betrothed to a Frenchwoman. Another well-educated Turkish gentleman expressed himself to me as follows :

“Do you suppose I could be happy with a woman who had never an idea, and could only mutter ‘Allah, Allah, Allah’? I would like to marry, but we have no women fit to be wife to a thoughtful man; I can’t marry a baby!”

The distance between such babies as the uneducated Turkish women and such cultivated women as those I spoke of above is so great that it seems impossible that ten years of good schooling and discipline can bridge it, but such is the fact. I should like to quote here from a composition written for the junior class of the American College for Girls in Constantinople, by a Turkish girl. It is not one of her best compositions, but it is on the subject of women’s education, and will at least show her command of English and her general thoughtfulness.

“WOMEN AND THE TURKISH CONSTITUTION

“The Turkish constitution has brought about a great many changes, one being in the situa-

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

tion of women. Up to now, no education was considered necessary for woman, and her greatest work in life was to be a housewife; no other was found to fit her except to be a nurse. Women were considered to be much lower than men in everything. They were supposed to stay at home, deprived of every advantage in life, while their fathers, brothers, and husbands enjoyed themselves in every way; they were excused for ignorance when there were no schools to develop their minds. Some of them worked very hard to bring about this beneficent change. Women played a great part in the revolution; they were most active members of the committee, for they were the ones who carried the news and letters when it was impossible for men to do so. Many of them left their homes, families, and children, and in spite of the drawbacks arising from their sex, threw their lives into great danger. Some of them went to Paris to work there with Young Turks, and wrote to the French, pleading the cause of women in Turkey. This was the past. How does it compare with the present? The newspapers are printing article after article saying that women must work and help men. I hope it is not only in the way recognised by the past that we are expected to help men. Then the

SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

question arises, Are we prepared for any other work than that? No. How can we, since we are not educated? Then the thing we need most is education and good schools. We as well as the men have suffered, and we must also have our freedom."

Shortly after the revolution of July 1908, Halideh Hanum was asked to write, for the English paper the *Nation*, something about Turkish women. I will give here a part of the short article:

"The generation of women who have already been the means of propagating large and liberal ideas are in an educated minority. They are the fortunate few who were not morally maimed by some of the foolish and unworthy creatures who call themselves governesses. They are women who had by chance fallen into good and honest hands, or had been taught by their fathers or husbands. Naturally this minority understood that the salvation of a nation lies in the proper education of high-minded and patriotic women. They understood that the reason why Anglo-Saxons occupy so lofty a moral position in the world's civilisation is due to their sacred ideas of womanhood and home. These women have worked silently, but knowingly, bringing up liberal-minded sons and patriotic daughters, building honest hearths

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

where real comradeship dwells, where a man is encouraged to go on in serving his country although that service means sometimes worse than death.

“Now as to what they are doing or will likely do in future, I will add a few words. At present a warm discussion is going on in the Turkish papers on the Turkish women’s position. Some women began to demand, after the revolution, their right to learn and work with their companions in life ; what they can do in future will be decided by the kind of instruction they will get.

“I am very glad to be able to address English-speaking women on behalf of all Turkish women. We are doing our best to place English influence and the English language foremost in our future schools for girls. The actual cry of the Turkish women to more civilised womanhood, especially to England and America, is this : You go and teach the savage, you descend into the slums. Come to this land, where the most terrible want, the want of knowledge, exists. Come and help to disperse the dark clouds of ignorance. We are working ever so hard to get away from the slavery of ignorance. The opening of schools by the English everywhere in Turkey would be welcomed by Turkish mothers. Simple,

SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

healthy, human teaching, such as Anglo-Saxons are able to give, is what we want. Give us living examples of your great serious women. But let the conditions be such that poorer classes may have it within their power to send their children to school. For we ask not for luxury, or grand institutions where comfort is found, but for simple teaching. More than for bread and water, more than any other want, we cry for knowledge and healthy Anglo-Saxon influence."

Halideh Hanum was asked also to write for the Turkish papers soon after the revolution, and has been a writer of much influence ever since. Her first article was a tribute to the College from which she had received her education, and which had fitted her for the work she was asked to do. I will close this chapter on the schooling of Turkish women by a translation of a part of this article, showing how deeply appreciative of education a Turkish woman can be:

"TO OUR COLLEGE

"In the dark days when our country was covered by a dense cloud, in the midst of disaster and despair, to you I lifted my eyes. With the finest subtleties and the broadest

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

realities of civilisation and humanity, you extended knowledge to the darkest horizon of Turkey, O Institution! And you, honoured women, yea, you teachers, who left your own land and your own people to elevate and enlighten the dark corner of this freedomless, portionless land, sacrificing your finest years in your piety; you have struggled to bring light to Ottoman soil, to Ottoman civilisation, fighting for learning and culture. This first opportunity to speak through the Ottoman press this day I consecrate to a greeting to you. The large ideas from which Turkey was shut out, the great feelings which were opened up to me in your class-rooms, the ideas to which I was led in your libraries, showing me that there was no difference in men for race, class, sect, or religion, these ideas that make me live like a person, a civilised person, a humanity-loving person, that enabled me to live larger thoughts, generous thoughts, thoughts such as you were living; these ideas I owe you, O women, and to each and all of you I essay to express my gratitude and to live according to the principles which I owe to your teaching alone. I love that beautiful white building, those ordered yellow garden paths; I love the garden that knew my first hopes and discouragements. I love the clear-browed pro-

SCHOOL LIFE OF A TURKISH GIRL

fessors, and the faces of those humble, old-time servants; I love every corner, every corridor, the long dormitory which for years held my little white bed, and my loyal comrades each and all, I love, love, love the College."

CHAPTER III

WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET

UNTIL twelve or thirteen years old, a little Turkish girl wears nothing on her head or over her face, unless cold weather makes a hood or soft kerchief desirable. There is nothing to distinguish her dress at this time from that of an Armenian or Greek child, but no one for an instant could mistake her for an American child. Except that her skirts are rather short, her dress is not childish according to our notions of suitable child wear. If she be poor her dress is absolutely plain, buttoned down the front to her ankles, and of red flannel or figured and wadded calico. If her parents can spend more money on her clothes, she is dressed in brocaded silk, or heavy plush or striped satin, with ruffles and falls of lace and ribbon. On gala occasions she has an aigrette or a bunch of artificial flowers or a bit of silver tinsel tied in her hair, which is allowed to hang in waves. I remember seeing a plump child of perhaps seven years dressed in an orange-

WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET

plush dress with large brown spots in it, lace bunched at her neck, ribbons floating from her waist, a red bow and a blue artificial flower with green leaves in her hair, striped stockings showing a few inches below her skirts, marching along evidently conscious of her finery, and holding a red balloon in her chubby hand. It was *Bairam*, and she was going to the nearest *maidan*, or open square, to play with her friends.

There are in the Turkish year two *Bairams* or festivals, roughly corresponding to our Easter and Christmas. One is a holiday of three, and one of five days. They do not always come at the same season of the year, for the Turkish year follows apparent solar time and thus is two weeks shorter than ours. So a *Bairam* that comes in the spring one year, will come two weeks earlier every year until it is a winter holiday, and then an autumn holiday. But that does not make it any less joyous; in fact, it may lend variety to its celebration. The first *Bairam* in the year is the *Shekir Bairam*, or *Bairam of Sweets*. The day before this festival, while the Moslems are still observing their month of fasting, booths are erected all over the city for the sale of candy. They spring up in the middle of the main streets and obstruct traffic; they fill the edges

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

of the open squares, and brighten the town with their white pavilions and piles of gay-coloured candy. The open squares are filled with rude swings and whirligigs, and hither come our decked-out maidens to swing, or go round and round, or perhaps with a score of companions to climb into a long waggon with fluttering yellow curtains and cushioned floor, and sitting crosslegged, to drive slowly up and down. What fun they do have, and how many sweets they do eat! There are sticks of wood dipped in a red sticky sweet until a gluey ball forms on the end; there are little roosters and cats of red paste; there are rings of cream candy, and gum drops, and fig paste, and cocoanut chip, each kind more luscious than the last. On that day people send baskets of sweets to their friends; and the butcher and the baker, to remind their patrons of the eternal fitness of baksheesh, send them round baskets of cheap candy covered with green or red mosquito veiling, and tied up with a flower. A little girl can have the most enjoyment in the *maidan*, with other children, but a more demure form of entertainment is going to make *Bairam* visits with *Ana* (Mama) and modestly taking but one sweet at each house.

The later *Bairam* is the *Courban Bairam*,

WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET
or *Bairam of Sacrifice*. For this occasion a sheep is supposed to be slaughtered and eaten by each Moslem family, in memory of the ram whose timely appearance saved Isaac from his father's knife. The streets are full of sheep and thick-woolled rams for days before *Bairam*, and the high steps of the *Yeni Jami*, just at the end of the *Karakeuy Bridge*, is massed with woolly sheep. Men carry the sheep across their shoulders as the Good Shepherd does in the picture. On *Bairam* the rams are often decorated with flowers and veiling, and their horns are gilded.

Our little girl will probably be taken to her grandfather's for this feast of mutton, and will wonder about the service of prayer, as she eats a bit of the sacrificial sheep. If she is a fortunate little girl she will receive a few presents at both *Bairams*, but she is sure in any case to have a nice new handkerchief with a coloured border, or perhaps entirely pink or lavender. A child is very happy at *Bairam*.

The month of *Ramazan* is not without its pleasures also. A little girl is not expected to fast, but she can enjoy the elaborate evening meal after the adults have fasted all day, and she likes the drums that sound much of the night. But the best treat of this month is being taken by *Baba* (Papa) to see the comical

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Karaguez. *Karaguez*, literally "Black Eyes," is a Turkish hero something between Punch and Bluebeard. His story is portrayed nightly in *Ramazan* by means of paper figures, jointed so as to permit activity, who leap and dance and salute one another, then knock each other over, before a little window, to the huge delight of the children. The audience sit on boards put over stools, or on rickety chairs, and listen to the coarse dialogue in the mincing voice of the manager of the puppets, and watch the little fellows go through their manœuvres behind the transparent screen. Between acts they eat peanuts and listen to the scraping music of the *oots* and fiddles, or if very tired, for it is now long after sunset, they fall asleep in *Baba's* arms, to be waked when dear, funny *Karaguez* reappears.

With such joy is a little girl's life filled. She is free to play with girls and boys; she may go about with *Baba*; she has free range of both the *harem* where *Ana* lives, and the other part of the house, the *selamlık*, where *Baba* lives. And she is free to run bareheaded in the fields, lifting her little face to the sunshine.

Then comes a change: *Ana* looks at her and says she is growing big, she must put on a *charshaf*. Oh, how she hates it! The *charshaf* is a silk cloak coming to her ankles, and

WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET

reaching up over her head, hiding her hair. That is bad enough, for it restricts her movements; but that is not the worst. Dropping from the *charshaf* over her face is a horrid thick veil, through which the world looks dark. She is sure she can never keep it down. How gaily she used to skip over the hills to school, leaving her servant far behind. Now she must walk demurely as becomes a little lady, and she thinks the sun will never look bright again. She has however some days when she thinks it is fine to be grown-up, and looks with pity on her friends who are still little girls. On her little boy friends she never looks again. Her life is henceforth in the *harem*, and she will never speak to another man except her father and her brother, and when she marries, her husband. A Turkish girl has peculiar reason to stand "with reluctant feet" on the shores of womanhood.

The wearing of the veil is not enjoined by the Koran; women had more freedom in the Prophet's day than they have at present. The covering of a woman's face, and more especially the hair, is a tradition with the Turks, so strong, however, that it has all the force of a religious law. In the country a woman may wear a silk cloak without the cape over the head, but simply a light, white kerchief over

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

head and shoulders, but she would be deemed exceedingly immodest should she let a lock of her hair escape from her *bashiorta* or head-covering. One spring I visited a Turkish house which was well protected from the street, but whose verandah was overlooked by a neighbouring house inhabited by Greeks. My hostess occasionally came to the verandah in her house dress, which greatly distressed her good grandmother. "Nigiuar, Nigiuar," she would groan, "where do you expect to go when you die, if you let that Greek man see your hair?" Nigiuar would laugh and put on her *bashiorta*.

When a girl has put on her *charshaf* she is marriageable. So long as she is kept in school, she herself thinks little about marriage, although her parents are probably on the lookout for a suitable husband for her; but as soon as she leaves school, her fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and she dreams of the hero who will mysteriously come into her life. Her wild free motions become demure, her voice takes on a cooing sound, her eye melts in tenderness. She is getting ready for her mate.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE

A MOTHER, of course, desires the best possible husband for her daughter; but how can she find him? For she, like her daughter, sees no men. First of all she goes to her friends and asks about their eligible sons, and listens to their glowing reports of their sons' virtues. But if, after sifting what they say, she does not feel satisfied with the picture, she will go further and ask other friends, and may at length possibly be reduced to calling a professional match-maker to her aid.

Sometimes the search is quickly rewarded, and more than one suitable candidate presents himself. In that case the girl's taste may be consulted. My friend Mezideh was given her choice of two photographs. One, the picture of a young *Shereef*, thoughtful and interesting, pleased her very much, and she chose him, but she longed to see himself. One day he came to the house to make the proper business arrangements with her father; she peeped from

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

the lattice windows as he passed under them, but caught only the most tantalising glimpse of her betrothed. So she begged her sister Belkis, who had not yet put on the *charshaf*, to make an excuse for entering the room where the men were seated, and to leave the door open in apparent carelessness, so that Mezideh might see the original of the photograph. Belkis was more than willing to run into the room; but alas for Mezideh's hopes, in her eagerness the child slammed the door behind her, and Mezideh was again shut off from her betrothed. She never looked into his eyes until he lifted her wedding veil from her face, but she loved him with that first look, and is still a loving and happy wife.

Mezideh's experience in not seeing the man she married until after the marriage ceremony used to be the general one in Turkey, and is still very common; but in more advanced families acquaintance after betrothal, or even before betrothal, is occasionally permitted. Rabieh was permitted to know and learn to care for her husband between the betrothal and the marriage. She and Reshad read together, and became good friends in the six months that preceded their marriage. Saliha's father permitted Hussein Bey to court her while she was still in school, and she thought

MARRIAGE

she was doing well to marry the only man she knew, and one who knew that she was an educated woman. The marriage turned out happily, but there were several years of adjustment needed before they really understood and loved each other. It seemed as if the formal courtship had never really acquainted them at all.

Selma was brought up in a large household, with two boy cousins. When they grew up, her parents betrothed her to one of them, but she preferred the other, and broke her engagement to Ferdi in order to marry Orkhan, forming a real love match, a most unusual case, being the only Turkish marriage I ever heard of that was not arranged for the bride. The chances of happiness, however, in marriages thus arranged, seem almost as great as they are in countries where the young people choose for themselves. Betrothal presents, such as silver hand-mirrors and snuff-boxes, are often exchanged, and it used to be the custom for the groom's mother to offer gum-drops to the bride, one of which she would bite in half, sending the other half as a love token to the groom.

There are two ceremonies of marriage—the legal and religious ceremony, and the social ceremony. At the former, the bride is never

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

present, and the groom rarely, but both are represented by proxies. The two fathers or guardians are present, and the *imam* of the parish. An *imam* is an official of both church and state, being part priest and part notary-public, and in both capacities officiating at all marriage contracts. At this meeting the bride's dowry is settled, and the marriage is legalised, and consecrated by prayer. After this the contracting parties are legally married, and may dispense with any further ceremony, as indeed Hassan and Belkis did, and widows or divorced women usually do; but most couples prefer the social ceremony before they take up their life together. I will describe the first Turkish wedding that I attended in Constantinople.

A Turkish wedding where the parties are of high rank is an interesting sight, and one that Europeans in Constantinople are always desirous to witness. Invitations to them are, however, difficult to obtain, so my friend and I considered ourselves fortunate when one came to us through an Armenian girl, a student in the American College for Girls. The Governor of Adrianople was to marry his nephew to the daughter of another Pasha, and Zabelle, whose father, though an Armenian, is high in Turkish employ, received an urgent invitation



THE SWEET WATERS OF ASIA

MARRIAGE

to be present at the wedding. As she needed chaperons, we were glad to act in that capacity.

The wedding was to take place at nine o'clock in the morning, in Beylerbey on the Bosphorus. We arrayed ourselves in our best garments, taking care, however, to avoid black, which the Turks consider a discourteous colour. The house was one of the enormous, unpainted ones that are so common here, surrounding a pretty garden. In the upper story were the rooms newly furnished for the bride and groom.

When we entered, the Governor's wife, young and attractive in a Parisian gown of lilac brocade and chiffon, greeted Zabelle most cordially, and addressed us in true Oriental style, telling us that we must feel as if we were at home. We were given seats in the big room on the upper floor, where were gathered the most curious crowd of women I have ever seen. The first impression was of great splendour of fabrics, contrasting strangely with the bareness of the large room. Then one began to notice the grotesque style of the gowns. A few were elegant and well-fitting, but most of them were of a cut of which you could not even dream. Never before had I seen so many rich and gorgeous brocades, stiff

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

with their weight of silver and gold threads. Before the morning was over, the room contained a gown of every bright colour known to man. They were made almost invariably with long trains; but these trains were more often than not tucked up into belts, producing anything but a dignified rear view. The commonest style was that of a short, ill-fitting, double-breasted box-coat, though this style vied in popularity with a sort of full, round waist with no fit at all, separated from the skirt by what seemed like a string tied round the waist. Some of the women were fat, and being guiltless of stays, they rolled out in great folds over the cord or belt that confined their waists. The curious jacket effect was evidently one step towards a fitted dress. There were a few décolleté gowns with well-cut skirts.

Almost every one wore rich jewels, some of them having on a considerable fortune in diamond ornaments. Most wore ear-rings, the popular style being those which depended nearly to the shoulders. There were only a few gloved hands; and these, as well as the bare hands, were covered with dazzling rings. On the heads of all the women who were distinctly Turkish in dress were perched little toque-like caps made of chiffon or silk inartistically laid on. They tended toward the shade of

MARRIAGE

the gown, but rarely reached it. Only the exceedingly rich could have afforded such splendid costumes as these women wore complacently ; only the truly medieval could have originated them.

Soon after our arrival, a servant approached with cigarettes, but Zabelle waved her away, and she departed to offer them to the more fashionable women. Then followed a servant with a great silver filigree tray on which stood large goblets to match, two filled with a pink sweetmeat like the filling of chocolate creams, and the other with water and spoons. We took a spoonful of the sweetmeat, putting it into our mouth at once and returning the spoon to the goblet of water.

After these courtesies, we were taken to inspect the rooms that had been furnished for the bridal couple. They were three in number—two small salons and the bridal chamber. The former were furnished in what they consider European fashion, that is, with a row of upholstered chairs and couches round the walls, and rugs on the floors—nothing else. The chamber was of greater interest ; it contained a large bed, to mount which a footstool was needed, and other European furniture. The bedding was magnificent, all of it embroidered deeply in an exquisite design in silver, even to

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

the fine sheet of rich white silk which hung below the spread. Bolsters, pillows, &c., all of the same elegance, covered the bed. I was disturbed to discover some little black specks on these sumptuous fittings, and started to blow them off, but was stopped by Zabelle. "Don't," she said; "they are sesame seeds to keep off the Evil Eye."

The footstool and towel cover were also embroidered in silver, and two pairs of white and silver slippers stood under the bed. An array of presents occupied one corner of the room, and on a table lay neatly folded the clothes the groom would wear on the second day of the feasting, capped by his starched shirt and tie. His night-clothes, of striped white silk, lay beside them, and on the bed lay the bride's exquisite night-gown, of silk to match his. The dress she would wear on the following day, a rose-silk creation, hung on a dress-form in the middle of the room. We exclaimed "*Mashallah!*" (God be praised!) and "*Chok guzel!*" (Very beautiful!) several times, and then moved away to allow others to gaze and admire.

We next seated ourselves in the large hall, and watched the guests arrive. It was a curious sight, and thoroughly medieval—the gorgeous brocades and jewels, the utter absence

MARRIAGE

of any attempt at sociability, but in its place a stiff sitting about the room, the whole object of which seemed to be to see and be seen, the low salaams of the entering women, and the varying degrees of respect shown to lower or higher rank. When an especially grand person entered, the women would rise and attempt to scoop with their hands below their skirts, a salaam not nearly so graceful as a less profound one. The ordinary salute, or *temená*, consists in touching the heart, the lips, and the brow, with the hand, in token of their being at the service of the one saluted.

Many of the women had their hair stained with henna, varying from shrimp pink to scarlet in colour. I noticed presently that these seemed to be elderly women, and Zabelle explained that grey hairs unfitted a Moslem from praying, so she was obliged to resort to henna in her old age. Anything more curious in appearance than one of these old women, wrinkled, toothless, pale, with scarlet locks surmounted by a toque of some gay shade, their shapeless bulk tricked out in billows of priceless silk, and flashing with diamonds and uncut emeralds, while she puffed clouds of tobacco smoke from her nose, I could not well imagine. One old creature came rolling in with all the complacency that a Paris gown can give. But

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

alas for our risibles, the costume was nothing but a room gown, a lace *négligée*, entirely unsuited for any place but one's own room.

When we had sat for an hour or more, and the rooms had become crowded, we heard the approach of the wedding party. It seems that the bride is brought to the door in a carriage, and there the groom meets her, and taking her hand, leads her up to the state-room through the ranks of guests. The women stood on chairs, and because a man was entering the *harem*, and they had no veils, they laid tiny handkerchiefs on their heads, and thus satisfied conventions. The bridal couple passed through, and entering the best room, closed the door. Here the groom removed the veil, and looked for the first time on the bride's face; then he passed out quietly, and everyone crowded in to see the bride.

But we had gazed at her loveliness for only a few minutes when an excitement arose. A black eunuch with a fine decoration on his breast pushed through the rooms, and announced her Highness one of the daughters of the Sultan, and said that she must see the ceremony. So the groom, who had gone to the *selamlık*, was recalled, and led by the eunuch, the bridal procession took place a second time.

This curiously inadequate ceremony is—

MARRIAGE

except for the legal betrothal which has taken place some days or weeks before, at which the bride herself is not present, the empty substitute for our solemn religious service with its promises and its vows. The bridegroom takes possession of the bride; nothing else is suggested.

The doors of the house were then thrown open for any women who chose to come in and see the bride, and they availed themselves of the opportunity in crowds, pushing before the little lady and staring at her solemnly by the half-hour, never saying a word. The bride was a pretty, delicate-featured maiden of fifteen, clad in a beautiful Paris gown of white satin embroidered in pale green and silver. She wore a superb tiara of diamonds, from which depended on each side of her face long strands of silver tinsel, which fell on the floor around her as she sat with eyes modestly cast down. For two whole days the bride sat as a spectacle for the guests and passers-by. It was strange to us—the utter absence of romance, of religious sentiment, of the idea of starting a home, or of any companionship between husband and wife. The wedding day is simply the one day when a woman may be stared at, and admired, and perhaps envied. The only human touch was the tears of her mother. Eating then

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

began. We dined at the second table after the Sultan's daughter had finished. Such abundance—and all good. We had nine courses, exclusive of *hors-d'œuvre* and fruit; thick fish soup, then mutton, then pastry with meat in it, followed by sweet pastry, then a dish of beans, then chicken, then blanc-mange made of powdered chicken-breast, next stuffed egg plant, followed by a queer jelly, and lastly the dish that closes every wedding, rice *pilaff*, with another kind of *pilaff* strongly flavoured with saffron.

We ate rapidly and no one talked; for it is bad luck to talk while eating. The good-natured women reached across the table for anything that took their fancy, speared dainties with their forks, spread out their elbows, and at the end of the meal gobbled up the fruit from the epergne with their fingers. Naturally they needed washing after that; so the silver bowl and graceful pitcher and soap that were offered were useful. We omitted this ceremony, but accepted the perfume that was scattered over us as we reascended the stairs.

Music in the garden, which the women watched through the lattices, completed the entertainment for the day. The affair took us six hours: I suppose the other guests stayed until sunset.

MARRIAGE

On that day great kettles of *pilaff* are cooked and distributed to the poor who choose to call for it, and the doors of the house are open to any woman who wishes to come for *pilaff* or to see the bride.

I have since attended other weddings where the gowns were more western and the table manners much better than at this one. The graciousness of the host is always beautiful. Sometimes the father of the bride loosens a girdle from his daughter's waist in token of resigning the possession of her to another. It is also usual for the groom as he leaves the bride, in token of pleasure with her appearance, to toss a handful of silver coins to the crowd, who scramble for them eagerly. The young girls present cluster around the bride, and accept from her hands a bit of thread of the silver tinsel hanging beside her face, as a promise of a speedy marriage for themselves. Turkish weddings used to last three days, but at present are usually confined to one day. They are sometimes of great splendour. I was invited last year to a wedding for which the bride's father had sent to England for a diamond tiara worth £60,000. When the tiara came, however, he was dissatisfied and ordered for her a more magnificent one.

At one time there was an attempt to pass

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

a sumptuary law restricting the expenses of weddings. This law failed to pass, but I will give some of its provisions, as an indication of the outlay it was intended to check. Article I. abolished betrothal presents, and limited wedding presents to the value of 100 piastres (about 18 shillings), 500 piastres, or 1000 piastres, according to the means of the givers. Article V. limited the wedding dinner to soup, saffron *pilaff*, and five other dishes. Article VI. aimed to discourage ostentatious expenditure by forbidding the bride or the groom to pay more than the regular price at the prenuptial baths. Article VII. obliged the bride to buy her own cosmetics and ornaments, not allowing the groom to give them to her. Article VIII. forbade luxurious preparations in the bridal chamber. Articles IX., X., and XI. restricted the marriage entertainment and especially excluded fireworks. Finally, Article XII. ordered the conjugal establishment to be fitted to the means of the newly wedded pair. Among these sumptuary laws was one specification of quite a different nature, one that shows the low estimate of a wife at the time when the custom existed. The bride, it states, may not be marked with a steel thread, that is, branded.

These sumptuary laws were not passed, but in the existing Turkish law there are some

MARRIAGE

curious general specifications concerning marriage. Marriage is regarded as meritorious for the normal man, but he is slightly restricted in his choice of a wife. He may not marry a non-existent being, such as a mermaid or a *djinn* (the *genii* of the *Arabian Nights*), nor may he marry a pagan ; that is, his wife must be a Moslem, a Christian, or a Jewess. A man's wife should be inferior to him in age, fortune, and dignity, but superior in manners, politeness, modesty, and beauty. This last seems a very pleasant plan, but a little difficult of execution at times. Ladies of the royal family have to marry beneath their social dignity ; but the pasha who is honoured by the hand of a princess may be very unfortunate, for the princess may be ugly or ill-tempered, she is always exacting, and her husband is forbidden to take another wife to comfort him. The Sultan's wives are never of his rank, one of his titles being "Son of a Slave." A wedding may not take place at prayer time nor during *Ramazan*, the month of fasting.

The law ordains that when a virgin is informed of her marriage, she must instantly declare her opposition before witnesses, or she loses her right to decline, and further states that marriage by force or by joke is valid, only a verbal consent being necessary.

CHAPTER V

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

THE question of plural marriages is one that has a great interest for people who are studying Turkish conditions.

The Koranic law allows every man to have four wives if he desires, but on the condition that he treat the four in exactly the same fashion, giving to each one as much as he does to any one of the others. This used to be an easy condition, in the days when a woman lived the simple life and had no possessions but silks and jewels. If then one wife had a beautiful turquoise ring, it was easy to give turquoise rings to the other wives; if a *chelebi* (master of the house) purchased a rich Brusa silk for one, he could afford to purchase handsome silks for all. But conditions have changed; women have higher standards of living, and it costs much more to keep a wife in Constantinople than formerly; moreover, a husband is legally bound to support a wife according to her station. If nowadays a man

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

has four wives with European tastes he must be very rich to gratify them. He may be able to buy one grand piano but hardly four; he may engage an expensive governess for one wife, but cannot support several governesses. So there are economic reasons why a Turkish gentleman should take to himself fewer wives than in the past.

This economic reason, however, does not hold for the lower classes. One day I was rowed on the Bosphorus by two fine-looking peasants, one elderly and one young. I asked the older man if they were father and son. He replied that they were, and that he had several sons. "All children of one mother?" I asked. Oh no, he had a wife in Constantinople, who cooked for him and several sons, and kept their little home; then he had two in the village in the country where he went when the winter was too cold for open boats in the Bosphorus. Did they cost him much? Oh no, *Janum* (sweetheart). They worked for him, and kept him in the winter when his *caïque* was of no use. Three wives were very nice for a man, they all helped. But there are not enough women in Turkey, even with the importation of slaves, for every man to have several wives, and every woman prefers to be the first or only wife.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Another reason for the decrease in the number of wives, in the coast cities at least, is the gradual turning of public sentiment away from polygamy. The Turks have seen how Europeans regard plural marriages, and they begin to be ashamed of them. I once asked a Turk of my acquaintance if his father had several wives. He drew himself up haughtily, "I know no one who has more than one wife," he answered. I think he must have referred to his own social set exclusively, for I chance to know many plural marriages; but certainly there were more in the past generation than there are at present. For instance, I know a sweet lady who is her husband's only wife, and whose establishment is just like a Western home; but her father had half-a-dozen wives and odalisques—Circassian, Turk, and even negro.

Perhaps the story of Vefik Bey's second marriage will give you an idea how a conscientious modern Turk has come to feel about plural marriages. Vefik Bey had a pretty, doll-like wife, whom he loved tenderly, and by whom he had two children. One of his children stayed a great deal with her grandmother, and thither he used to go to see her or fetch her home. At her house lived a lady totally unlike Madame Vefik Bey, plain but

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

intelligent and fascinating. Vefik Bey fell in love with her and soon married her, keeping her, however, in the grandmother's house still. They had two children. The first wife resented the marriage bitterly, and Vefik Bey never felt comfortable about it. He had a legal right to the second wife, but he always felt that he was injuring his first wife, and after a few years he divorced the second lady. But he assured her support and that of their children. His two sets of children are constantly together and he dispenses even-handed justice to them, giving exactly the same advantages to the second wife's children as to those of the first, and always striving to make up to his first wife for what his conscience calls his temporary infidelity to her.

It seems to me it will not be long before Turkey will become a monogamous country. But let us consider how the polygamy that still exists there works.

A man who has several wives may put them and their children all in one great rambling house, where they live together in the greatest intimacy, or he may build a separate house for each wife, and visit these houses in turn. The biggest *harem* I ever saw was in a celebrated mansion in Damascus, belonging to ancient governors of that institution for centuries.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

The place was very beautiful, consisting of courtyard after courtyard with marble pavements and running fountains, off each courtyard many rooms, often open in the court-side. Here I saw scores of women—I believe there were said to be ninety-five—all in *négligée* and all regarding me very curiously. Of course they were not the wives of one man nor of several, but were all the womenfolk of a patriarchal family, sisters, cousins, and aunts. This family was Arabic, however. I know of no such large establishment of Turks. Where the wives live in separate establishments jealousy is often the reason. I know an Englishwoman who married a noble Turk who had one other wife. This wife was shocked and incensed at her husband's marriage with a *Ghiaur* (an infidel), and retired in dudgeon to her family. Her husband went after her and entreated her to return, assuring her that she was the mother of his children and his real wife. She consented to his wishes provided that "that other woman" should be kept out of her sight. He was not a wealthy man, but he put the English wife in a little kiosk in the garden, while the Turkish lady kept the house, and he divided his time between them. The last time I heard of them the two wives had become friends and were constantly together.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Oftentimes a family of several wives and many children seem very happy together, the wives feeling towards each other like sisters, apparently. One girl, whose father had three wives, told me she was very lonesome when she first left home, for it was so jolly and pleasant in their large family that a small family seemed dull to her.

Many of the wives of 'Turks are not themselves Turkish. They are occasionally Persians, more rarely Christians by birth, and very often Circassians from the Caucasus mountains. In that country the parent looks on a beautiful daughter as a valuable asset, for he can sell her to Constantinople, and she is equally eager to go, for in her native mountains she can be but a drudge, while in Constantinople she may hope to enter some pasha's *harem* and become a fine lady, living in luxury and waited on by many servants. There are certain women in the city-capital whose business it is to train such girls for their future lords and husbands. They teach the maidens to make themselves beautiful with finger-nails stained dark red, eyes darkened by *kohl*, skin softened by baths and hair carefully tended, then they teach them to dance or play musical instruments, and if the pupils show a desire for it, they may learn to read and write. These women sometimes

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

become slaves, and often are made legal wives with fine social positions.

Such a woman was Gulestan. She had been taken from this training establishment and given to the Sultan, where she had waited on his wives. In course of time he presented her to a pasha, who married her. She was very happy with the pasha until one day he was told he must go into exile. When he went to the boat to embark for his voyage, Gulestan was with him. The police, who watched every outgoing vessel, objected to her boarding the steamer. She drew herself up to her full height and assumed a majestic demeanour. "What! did not our Padisha give me to this man to be his wife, and shall I not accompany him whom I love?" The police fell back, and Gulestan accompanied her pasha to his place of banishment, remaining with him until he died there.

There is one thing to be said for polygamy in Turkey—it seems to result in fewer illicit unions than in Europe and there are no illegitimate children. All a man's children have the same legal rights. There are many happy marriages and contented households in Turkey, although, as everywhere, there are some miserable marriages. Occasionally a woman cannot endure a plural marriage. Such a woman

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

was the Circassian Mihri, whose story I will relate at some length.

The details as I have given them do not all belong to Mihri's story, but are in themselves true, as is the whole story.

MIHRI, THE CIRCASSIAN GIRL

“Even in a golden cage the nightingale deplures its native land.”—*Turkish Proverb.*

When the family had finished eating their bean stew from the iron pot set on the floor, they all left the windowless earthen cellar except the mother, who put aside a portion for Mihri.

“When she is tired wandering over the mountains,” she said to herself, “she will come home hungry.”

But Mihri did not return for many hours. The hut in which she lived with her parents and brothers was on the outskirts of the village of Mlety, in the heart of the Caucasus mountains. The mud cottage, on whose roof a neighbour's cow ruminated, while another hut rose above and behind it on the hillside, was dark and dirty, and the restless, dreamy girl of fifteen could not bear to stay in or near it longer than eating and sleeping required. While her mother spun in the clay plot before the

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

house, she was far away from the sordid village, and fed her soul on the grandeur of the mountains and the exhilaration of the pure air. This afternoon she had walked far through the valley, taking the well-paved Georgian road as little as possible, preferring rather to scramble like a goat over the rocks and along the grassy slopes. Sometimes she would look down on the road and wonder about the travellers that passed by staidly in stage-coach or on their own beasts. What was the world whither the swarthy Persian merchant was taking his wares? To whom might that long-haired, black-robed Russian priest be hastening? There were ladies in that carriage, in beautiful furs and feathered hats such as she had never seen. In what kind of a world did such ladies dwell? She glanced down at her patched, ragged frock, which had been old before she was born; then with a shrug she darted off into the hills away from these people, who after all were nothing to her. Her friends were the brawling stream, to which she must climb many feet down, for it had cut deep into the valley; the tumbling waterfalls, whose icy stream she loved to quaff from her little hands and dash over her face; the flocks of woolly sheep, whose silly, wavering movements she so often watched with affectionate contempt;

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

and the wild mountain goat, whose leaps from rock to rock were scarcely surer than her own.

The sun set while she was up among the peaks, and she stood with tangled, falling hair and flying, ragged garments on a ridge and looked eagerly into the western flames, her face lit up by their glow, until they dropped behind the great black peaks opposite her. Then, with a deep sigh, she put her hand over her dazzled eyes and sank down on a mossy stone, lying perfectly still, with her palms shutting in the vision she had been seeing. The air grew colder and fanned her cheek, until, stretching her arms and opening her eyes, she looked upon a twilight scene. Drowsy tinklings told of distant folds into which the flocks were being gathered for the night.

Mihri jumped up and started once more over the hills, swinging her arms as she walked and drawing long breaths into her lungs. How she loved these starry, frosty nights! Vague exciting thoughts came to her brain, and longings for she knew not what; her strong young muscles rejoiced to be active, and sometimes she shouted for the joy of living, and the strength of the hills.

When she reached home her family were all huddled on skins on the earthen floor of

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

the one room. The men were snoring stertorously, but the mother moved aside to permit Mihri to lie beside her. Hastily eating the food set aside for her, the girl threw herself down, and laying her hand on her mother's, quickly fell into a dreamless sleep.

Many days passed this way, and Mihri grew taller, and her figure swelled the patched frock to tightness. One day as she was sitting on the hill-slope, fashioning a few mountain flowers into a garland, she saw with her sharp young eyes three strange men in red fezzes leave the posting station and take their way across to the village. She dropped the flowers in her lap and leaned forward to watch them. What could they want in that pile of mud huts? Was the world coming to her house? The villagers were gathering about the strange men. She saw Circassian men with tall fur caps, and weapons all across their breasts, stroll slowly toward the visitors; she saw rough, ragged children silently push into the circle; she saw gaunt, tattered women, some still holding the spindle, others with squalid babies in their arms; she could see her mother's thin form, and her father lazily leaning against a gun. A fierce-looking dog or two prowled about the outskirts. With excited curiosity Mihri jumped up, scattering her flowers, and

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

ran down into the valley. As she neared the group she could hear the strangers talking fast and smoothly, with occasional monosyllabic answers from the Circassians. She also noticed three young girls of the village standing close together behind the strangers, looking frightened, one of them weeping. How strange the visitors looked. They were much darker than her own people, and their faces suggested to her the great birds of the mountains that prey upon the smaller fowl. Even dressed as they were in fine broadcloth and smooth, tasselled fez, she found them more fearful than the heavily armed villagers, and their smiles chilled her more than the dour expression of the mute Circassians.

As she stole up behind her mother, some one remarked, "Here she is," and to her great confusion, every eye in the group was turned on her. Blushing, and shrinking from the piercing gaze of the strangers, she turned and fled into the hut; but her father, striding after her, caught her rudely by the wrist and dragged her out again.

"Stand up, Mihri," said he sternly, "and let these Armenian gentlemen see you."

She stood still, her heart fluttering like a frightened bird, while the three strangers coolly looked her over from her tangled head to

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

her ill-shod feet. She was a beautiful wild creature, as she stood with flushing face and heaving breast. Her skin was fair with the warm colour that sun and mountain breeze bestow, her hair was a mass of red gold falling over her straight shoulders, her eyes were fiercely blue; a lithe, well-rounded figure and little hands and feet also attracted the attention of the Armenians, who said, "She will do; send her to the inn with the other maidens. We pay at the inn." And they withdrew with dignity from the little crowd.

"What is it, father? Where am I to be sent?" cried Mihri shrilly.

"These strangers will take you and the three other maids to the great city of Stamboul," replied her father coldly; "there you will be given to some rich man who will keep you well."

Mihri's world seemed turning upside down. She could not understand it. Now she wept in the lean arms of her mother, who told her how poor they were and how they needed the money the Armenians would pay for her sale; now she stormed at being torn from her mountains; and then, a curiosity about life in the great city would steal over her, and vague hopes of happiness such as she had never known. She could not sleep on her wolf-skin, but when



BEFORE THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

the men were all asleep, she stepped lightly over them, and bounded out into the night.

Miles she walked over the hills, and climbed high up on the ridge. The life-giving sense of freedom that the mountains always gave her, struggled with the oppression of coming confinement. Higher and higher she climbed, until exhausted she fell on the mountain side and slept. When she awaked it was morning : the sun was peeping over the mountains behind her, and the fresh life of the day was beginning. What would this day bring to her ? Into what new life was she entering ? With the joyous rush of life in her veins came hope and an interest in the great city to which she was going, and a faint distant dream of a man there who should love and cherish her.

The four girls were taken to the inn, where their ragged clothes were exchanged for whole, clean garments, such as they had never seen. They fingered the smooth stuff of their dresses curiously, and looked shyly at each other, wondering at the change that plaited hair and woman's dress made to their appearance. But when the Turkish *charshaf* was put over their pretty dresses, and a veil was dropped over their faces by the Armenian woman who was to take charge of them, Mihri was stifled, and tore the silk veil from her hot face, crying

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

"I won't, I won't." The old woman shrugged her shoulders and said, "Let it be; thou needest it not in thy mountains, but when we get to the city, we must hide thy beautiful face from evil men."

Mihri started. Was she beautiful? She ran to the little mirror into which she had looked previously simply as into something new and strange, scarce regarding the face reflected therein. Now she looked eagerly at the bright countenance that was looking at her. Yes, she was pretty, as the mountain roses were pretty, as the little birds were pretty, as the fleecy clouds were pretty. To think of being one of the beautiful things of the beautiful world! A joyous vanity awoke in her heart, and she was docile once more. But at parting with her mother she struggled fiercely again, clinging to her and weeping stormily, until her father tore them apart and led the unhappy woman home.

At the other villages they picked up more Circassian girls, some fair-haired, some with glossy chestnut curls, all shy and beautiful. Every moment of the journey was a wonder to Mihri—the day on the great military road, the wonderful city of Tiflis, the sea which greeted her startled eyes at Batoum, and whose beauty and mystery filled her heart to bursting,

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

the six days' voyage, and finally the arrival at the heavenly white city on the Bosphorus.

The slave-market was conducted very quietly, Mihri and one of the other girls being taken by an old *hanum* who trained girls for noble *harems*. They were carried to a great marble house surrounded by broad grounds—but, woe to Mihri, all enclosed within high yellow walls, and guarded by soldiers. Here Mihri was dressed beautifully and taught to sing and dance, and when they saw that her mind was eager, they taught her to read, and thus opened up a new world to her. But while her mind expanded with new experiences, her body longed and pined for freedom. How gladly would she have given all the luxuries of her life in the great prison-palace for one ramble over her mountains, whose grand beauty had been wrought into her life.

Then she was given to Abbas Pasha. At the sight of his olive face and deep, tender eyes, love sprang up in Mihri's heart, and she kissed his slender hands with passion. Abbas Pasha looked upon her beautiful, love-lighted countenance and her graceful form, and declared that she was worthy to be his wife, not his odalisque, as he had planned. How the other girls envied her; the wife of the rich young pasha was indeed a fortunate girl.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Despite what she knew of Turkish life, it was a shock to her to find that Abbas had already two wives, and a swift, sharp jealousy seized her as she looked upon two young, pretty women who had the right to call her husband theirs. Fatma, twenty-two years old, had a plump figure, beautiful soft white hands covered with rings, and curious black eyes. She had been the first wife, but in her loneliness after leaving her father's populous *harem*, she had welcomed the coming of a second wife, Meliha. Meliha had a very dark, aquiline countenance, with black eyes, white teeth, and tawny skin. She was phlegmatic and quiet, and any little friction between her and Fatma had been but as spice in their monotonous existence.

The two young women greeted Mihri lazily, idly hoping she would help to pass some of the long hours of the empty days. Mihri looked at them fiercely, but finding that Abbas seemed to care nothing for them, she settled down into a contempt for their shallowness. Each wife had her own suite of rooms, just like the other two, and when one had a new gown the others also received one; and Mihri was given jewels like theirs, translucent Mecca stones, flashing brilliants, and intense turquoises. But despite all this equality of treatment, for the first months of her marriage Mihri knew, and lived

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

in the knowledge, that the heart of Abbas was given to her alone. He lived in her part of the *harem* and scarcely noticed the other wives, and under his caresses and words of love Mihri's heart swelled with ecstasy and she had no thought for her mountain home.

For six blissful months Mihri lived in her fool's paradise; then the serpent entered. Fatma and Meliha each gave birth to a child within a month of each other. Fatma had two others, but this was Meliha's first child, and was a boy, as was Fatma's baby also, *Mashallah* (God be praised). How Mihri longed for a child, but none came to her. And the knife entered her heart when Abbas Pasha began to neglect her for the young mothers and their precious babies. Days passed and he did not come near Mihri; weeks, and he scarcely noticed her, in his absorption in the children. Mihri wept and stormed in her lonely rooms. At length he came to her, but he talked continually of the babies; and Mihri knew, as she had not known even in his absence, that her lover was hers no longer. Then she brooded and grew thin, and could scarce lift her heavy eyes to him when he came to her. Fatma and Meliha shrugged their shoulders, and said, "What would you? men are ever so," and they turned from the sullen girl to their constant

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

source of amusement, their babies, taking endless joy in comparing the progress of the little pets. To Mihri the joy of life had turned to bitterness, and she knew not why she lived on.

One day in spring, a year and a half after Mihri's coming to Constantinople, a *caïque* was making its way slowly along the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus toward the Sweet Waters of Asia. It was one of the large *caïques* intended to carry a *harem*, and was heavily laden. On the cushioned seats reclined three Turkish women, in the centre of the boat were four stalwart oarsmen, and behind the women, sitting crosslegged above them, was a smooth-faced, long-armed black man, who quietly directed the expedition. It was a pretty sight, the long, pointed yellow boat, the rowers in crêpy white shirts open at the breast, their brown faces glistening beneath their red fezzes, the black figure at the bow, upright and slender, and the three women lolling under bright parasols. The dress of the ladies indicated their rank, for they wore, not the cape of the *charshaf* drawn over their heads, as the usual Turkish woman does in Stamboul nowadays, but the light silk cloak ending at the throat, and about their heads and across their faces, so as to expose only the eyes, several folds of thick creamy veiling. The three ladies were the wives of

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Abbas Pasha, taken out for a row on the Bosphorus by the master of the *harem*.

Fatma eagerly watched all that the *caïque* passed, darting here and there half-childish, half-coy glances. She continuously fingered her veil, now putting her hand under it to arrange a stray curl more becomingly, now pushing it away from her full red mouth. Beside her reclined Meliha. She sat very quietly, with no anticipation of the future, and no responsibility for the present, her every muscle as much at rest as those of a sleeping cat. Her right hand held a red parasol at an easy angle, and her left, brown, slender, and stained a deep amber at the nails and finger-tips, rested in abandon in her lap.

Opposite these two comfortable figures sat the tense, upright form of Mihri, staring now with sulky abstraction at the water, now with defiance or anger at her companions. Every now and then she pulled her slender white fingers nervously, then subsided into inaction. She took no part in the conversation carried on almost continuously between the other women and the eunuch, or the rowers. The conversation turned as usual on the babies at home.

"I did not like to leave Ayatullah," said Meliha, with however no anxiety in her voice, but only a brooding tenderness, "but he is very much better to-day, *Mashallah*!"

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

“*Inshallah* ! he will soon be quite well,” said Fatma, beaming; “my little one is always well.”

Fatma patted her hand, and then babbled about her own precious one, and how he already resembled his *Baba*, and how little care he was, and how his sister two years old was jealous whenever his mother took him up.

All through the conversation, Mihri listened scornfully, and watched the water slipping past their boat. Fatma and Meliha paid very little attention to her glowering face, continuing their idle chatter. Exhausting the subject of their babies for the moment, they began to talk of the scenes they were passing.

“How beautiful is this shore now with the red-bud trees in bloom among the fresh greenery,” said Meliha.

Fatma’s eyes were turned away from the shore. A light *caïque* shot past them, and a youth tried to catch a glance from her, but was unpleasantly conscious of the gaze of the black man. Fatma giggled and lowered her parasol. Mihri looked straight before her and saw nothing. She was filled with contempt for it all, the rides in the *caïque*, Fatma’s little coquetries, Meliha’s satisfaction in the gentle motion—and how she hated the black man !

A steamer puffed by them, and in its wake the *caïque* rose and fell. Fatma screamed

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

slightly and clung to Meliha, who sat as impassive as ever.

"Has it stopped rolling?" cried Fatma. "Oh, how frightened I was; but I rather liked it too. Why don't we go faster?" she asked the leading rower.

"We cannot here, *Effendim*," replied the *caïquegee*; "the current is very strong, the place right here is called the Rascal current, it can make trouble."

"I am very sure it is stupid to go so slowly," said Fatma. "See, we have only left Vanikeuy a little behind us."

"If the *Hanum Effendi* wishes, I can tell her a story about this current," said the *caïquegee*.

Fatma fixed her sparkling eyes on him, and bade him proceed; Meliha listened lazily. Mihri pursued her own thoughts.

"Once upon a time, once upon a day, there was something or there was nothing, there was a great Padisha," began the *caïquegee*, following the usual formula for beginning a Turkish tale. "He was in these waters in his ten-oared *caïque*, and he wished greatly to go fast. But the women could not row swiftly, for the stream was strong, strong. So when his Majesty cried 'Faster, faster,' they replied, saying thus—

"'Sire, there are three Padishas; your Majesty is Padisha over the earth, and there is a Padisha

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

of the heavens, and a Padisha of the sea. At this moment all these three are giving us their orders at once, and whom to obey, we know not. Perhaps presently the orders of one Padisha will be stronger than those of the others, then his word we shall obey.'"

Fatma and Meliha laughed gleefully, the eunuch joining in their amusement, but Mihri's face grew tenser than ever.

How could they be happy, those fools? How could they love Abbas Pasha, as they pretended, and be satisfied to share him with each other and with her? Bah, they did not know how to love. She could show them. She had been happy just six months, while he was hers alone; but now, now, when he was always with them, fussing over those silly babies, and caressing the mothers—her face burned. When he saw her jealousy he laughed, laughed, and she was dying, ah! They did not need him, stupid Meliha and silly Fatma, they had their babies, and they liked each other, and were willing to go about in the charge of the black man. But she had been a free mountain girl, and although she would have given up her liberty gladly, so gladly for Abbas if he had loved her, now that his love was gone she could not stand it, she could not and would not. She jerked herself suddenly, and the boat lurched.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

“Look out, *couzoum*” (my lamb), cried the *caïquegee* who sat nearest her.

“O-o-o!” screamed Fatma.

“You careless Mihri,” said Meliha sharply, “why can’t you sit still like other people, and enjoy the fine day?”

“Sit still,” muttered Mihri, “that is it, Allah! always sit still, when I am wild to scream and run and get away.”

What if the boat tipped over, and her hot brain and heart had been cooled for ever in the sea? Why should it not be? Her pulse throbbed heavily as the thought entered her mind and took possession of her.

A school of porpoises came tumbling by, rolling over and over in clumsy circles.

“They will tip the *caïque*,” cried Fatma, who was thoroughly enjoying the little excitement.

“No, no, *couzoum*,” said the *caïquegee* soothingly, “they never come under the boat; they are too afraid.”

Mihri watched the rolling bodies tumble on up the Bosphorus. They were going towards the Black Sea, they were going to her country. A sharp longing for one glimpse of her dear Caucasus mountains seized her, then she knew they were for ever gone out of her life, gone, as was Abbas’ love. Now she had nothing more to hope for. She could have other

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

lovers, the women she knew all had lovers, but she cared nothing for them, intrigue was hateful to her ; she wanted home, and she wanted Abbas all to herself—Abbas, who should love her as she loved him. No, there was no hope for joy in her life, better end it.

Meliha and Fatma went on chattering, their little minds too occupied with trifles of their everyday existence to admit any consciousness of the tragedy in Mihri's soul. Content in their creature comfort, they could not conceive of the passion of loneliness and jealousy that was tearing her fiery soul. "Mihri was always dull," they thought vaguely. Fatma leaned over to Meliha and whispered in her ear about the youth who had stared at her in passing. To Mihri their chatter was maddening, it was such emptiness that her life now held. But she could leave it all. She grew calm as the great thought settled in her brain, and detached her from the irritating surroundings. The two women ceased to annoy her when she thought of death's peace. She could even watch the black man without her wonted fierce repulsion. Then her mind turned to her husband. Would he care? A wave of desire to see him just once before she went, to kiss his warm lips and be held in his arms only once more. But with an effort she turned from the seductive thought.



CAÏQUES ON THE UPPER BOSPHORUS

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

If she could ever do it, she could now, when hope was dead in her breast. Better never return to the palace where she had been so unhappy. She could die easily here in the free air, it would be like going home, like breaking prison; she had always so loved God's great out of doors. She breathed softly, "Mother!"

They had passed Candilli now, and were nearing Anatolia Hissar with strong steady strokes. A steamer was coming almost across their bows to land at Vanikeuy. Now—

With a spring like a young panther's she leaped from the boat towards the oncoming vessel. For a moment the eight oars were suspended in the air, as the boat settled after the sudden push, then the men pulled strongly out of the path of the steamer. Mihri's body disappeared in the swirl of the vessel. The eunuch crouched in his seat, his teeth chattering and his face grey in fear of his master. Fatma and Meliha fell into each other's arms crying, "Mihri! O Mihri! Aman! Aman!"

Shivering, sobbing, and wailing, they clung to each other.

The *caïque* turned about, and leaving the Sweet Waters, whither it had been bound, it returned to the mansion of Abbas Pasha, to tell him that his wild canary had broken from the cage.

CHAPTER VI

DIVORCE

WHEN a bride has been handed by her father to her husband, what will she think of the latter, and he of her? and how will they get on together? Of course, he is lord of the household, the *chelebi* (master), which—if she is wise—she does not resent, but sets herself to work to find out his nature, and fit herself to it, and, as soon as may be, by woman's wiles gain a supremacy over him. She need not wait on him—no lady in the capital does that—although eastern ladies of old, as Turkish peasants still, tended their husbands like handmaids. But neither will he wait on her, unless he is very exceptional. Nevertheless, I know of one case in which a husband waits on a wife as tenderly as if he were American.

She has legal control of her property, and may legally go into court and plead her own case, against her husband or another; and she may sue and be sued independently of her husband. The children belong to their mother,



TURKISH LADY IN INFORMAL OUT-OF-DOORS DRESS, FOR SUMMER
RESORT OR COUNTRY

DIVORCE

and after her death, to her nearest female relative, her mother, sister, or daughter. But practically these rights do not exist, for a husband who is minded to tyrannise over his wife would find means to prevent her from any such independent act, and few women are intelligent enough to use these legal privileges. Her one recourse in case of severe oppression is divorce ; that is legally very easy, but unless a father or another husband be waiting to take her, she cannot divorce her husband, for a young Turkish woman is not fitted by her training, nor permitted by public sentiment, to live alone. It is well that she has these legal rights, for as she grows more intelligent she can use them, although now they are little more than nominal.

The restrictions of a Turkish woman depend very much on the liberality or illiberality of her husband. If he be very strict in his ideas, he will order her to make her *charshaf* come down well over her hands, and her veil very thick. He will see to it that she never goes out unattended, he may even keep a eunuch to attend her, and he will never let a man look on her face. He will keep her closely in the house and all her windows latticed, and I assure you it is very hard to see anything from behind a Turkish lattice. He will put high

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

walls around her garden lest she be overlooked by a neighbour. He will never speak of her to another man, but will regard as an insult any allusion to his wife. He will object to her reading or studying, and will consider that for her to be known about is the deepest grief that can come to him. He will eat and live separate from her, only visiting her on occasions. He would not think of telling her of any of his interests nor talking to her as a friend, and he would kill a man whom he saw speaking to her or looking at her. Such was the old Turk in his *harem*.

A pasha in Cesarea was something of this sort of husband. One day he was found beating a stranger who had dared to look at the pasha's wife, an enormously fat woman of whose beauty he was immensely proud and jealous. He explained his action thus :

“ You looked at her once, eh ! a man cannot help looking, for that I would not beat you. You looked at her twice ; a man naturally looks at a beautiful thing twice, for that I would not beat you. But you looked at her three times, and for that I beat you, yes.”

This despotic husband is fortunately growing out of fashion. As the men of Turkey are becoming educated, they are becoming much more liberal to their wives.

DIVORCE

In regard to a woman's dress there is little change, although the veils tend to become thinner and are more easily lifted, while the *charshaf*, from a shapeless garment intended to bundle a woman's figure, has become a stylish, becoming garment. Immediately after the revolution of July 1908, a good many women threw up their veils and appeared on the streets without them. This aroused a storm of indignation among the priests, and the women immediately put their veils down over their faces again. As Halideh Hanum wrote, "As a fact, no reasonable Turkish woman asks to unveil. All that they ask for is a liberal education, and a right to accompany their husbands and to become fit educators of the future generation."

There is an increasingly large number of Turkish men who wish their wives to be educated, and who will grant them as much freedom as they can use, and will allow them to see all the men friends of their husbands, whenever the friends are worthy of the honour. Such men talk with their wives, study with them if the wives are fitted for study, and sometimes teach them, allow them to go through the streets unaccompanied, and to attend the theatres for women, and treat them as friends. I know several households in which the women have

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

every real opportunity for growth and happiness.

But if a marriage be unhappy, divorce is legally very easy, and equally easy for women or men. It needs but the words, "I divorce you," and a slight money payment. I have been told that the sum to be paid is an odd one, such as \$2.38, or 9s. 11d., so that one must make change to pay it, and thus time is given to retract the words before it is too late. If she divorce her husband with good cause, such as desertion, cruelty, or refusal to support, the divorced wife takes her dowry back; indeed, it has never passed out of her hands nominally. Both parties may marry again immediately, and this may be repeated as often as is wished; but such easy divorces are opposed to the law of the Prophet, which reads, "The curse of Allah rests on him who capriciously repudiates his wife." A Turkish child whom I knew once begged a Protestant woman to become a Moslem, urging as a great attraction that divorce was so easy for a Moslem. A very curious case of divorce and remarriage was told me of a Turkish shopkeeper in Scutari. He, it seems, could not get along with his wife, so divorced her. She was very sad over the break-up of her home, and shed so many tears that her friends became very



PLANNING THE SECOND MARRIAGE

DIVORCE

sorry for her. After some months of bachelor freedom, the man decided to marry again and asked his neighbours to find him a suitable wife. To one of the neighbours occurred the original idea of re-marrying the divorced couple; so he plotted, with the aid of the divorced wife, to trick her former husband. The marriage was held just as usual, except that there was no social ceremony, as he was told that he was marrying a widow, and also that the bride stipulated that no candle should be lit on her wedding evening. All went as planned, and the groom was charmed with his elusive bride, shrinking into the shadow. In his conversation with her, however, he told how tired he had grown of his first wife, but how dear the bride should always be to him. At last she could no longer stand the criticisms of herself and lit the candle. When the horrified husband saw his first wife, who had now become his second, he was remorseful for his former actions, and as they had both learned a lesson, they lived happily together for many years.

CHAPTER VII

TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

WOULD you like to see a typical Turkish house? Imagine, situated in a generous enclosure of green lawn dotted with rose-bushes and shady trees, the whole surrounded by a high stone wall, a square, rambling, unpainted house, with scanty eaves, and no ornament except a religious motto on a blue background hung over the front door. No chimneys rise from the flat roof, but from several windows protrude some yards of stove-pipe, which turn just outside the window, and go upward. From these pipes, if the day be cool, smoke rises, and a scant brown liquid falls, staining the side of the wall in rich browns and yellows. This means, of course, that there are one or more European stoves in the house, porcelain or iron, or at least a great open *ojak* or oven for cooking, and that the family is not restricted to *mangals* (braziers) for heat. On the left of the front door all the windows are latticed with *kafesses* or closely crossed screens of narrow



A TURKISH HOUSE

TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

strips of wood, but to the right of the main entrance the windows are unprotected by blind or lattice. This means that the house is evenly divided into the *selamlık* or men's quarters, and the *harem* or women's quarters; and if you go inside you will probably find two staircases ascending, the one to the right, the other to the left, and leading to entirely separated parts of the house. The hall is plain, the floor is covered with yellow matting, the stairs are of marble with a carved railing of coarse pine-wood. A little way up the stairs, a pretty little marble fountain in the wall offers a chance for refreshment.

The kitchen, the eating-rooms, and some other rooms lie behind the staircase; to the right is a little room, quite empty but for yellow matting on the floor, where lady guests may pile their outer garments, wrapped each in its square of cloth, of painted cotton, or of embroidered satin, according to the wealth of the owner, in neat piles on the floor, and may stand their brightly coloured umbrellas in one corner.

Let us mount one of the staircases, the men to the right, for they may not visit the *harem*, the women to the left. The commonest arrangement of rooms consists of a large oblong room or hall, one end open to the staircase, surrounded on three sides by small rooms open-

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

ing out of it. Several of the latter are bedrooms, and one or two are sitting-rooms. The hall is carpeted with matting unless the owner is immensely wealthy, and stiff chairs stand around the sides. The ceiling is of pine-wood rather prettily inlaid. In one house that I have visited, the largest ceiling was elaborately carved in flowers of wood and painted tin. The smaller rooms of the house are all alike in shape; the Turkish architect never considers the function of a room, but builds his dining-room and bedroom alike, with plenty of windows.

Entering the chief parlour, we find its floor thickly covered with bright, warm rugs, two low divans covered with red cotton shaped into the corners of the room, a set of European upholstered chairs in rows against the walls, and in the middle of the room a brass *mangal* or brazier with shining rim, like a flower whose centre is a bed of coals, and two handsome handles to move the *mangal* if you desire. Two tiny tables of brown wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, on each of which is a china ash-tray, and a box of matches for cigarettes, complete the furniture of the room. There are no pictures nor ornaments in an old-fashioned Turkish house, for man was forbidden to make unto himself an image of anything in the heavens



ORNAMENTAL WRITING ON A TURKISH TOMB

TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, and the Moslems have obeyed this injunction literally. The only authorised form of picture in a strict Mussulman household is an Arabic text or perhaps a Persian verse written out in the really beautiful ornamental writing,—perhaps tall gold letters on a black ground, perhaps a few gold letters on a pale green or pink ground with tiny conventional flowers dotted over it, perhaps small black letters on a pink ground with a wide scroll border; or, commonest style of motto, gilt letters on a vivid blue ground, with a gilt geometrical design for a border. These may be framed or unframed. There are artists in Turkey who make a profession of this ornamental writing, and there have been some great names of calligraphists handed down as reverently as are the names of Cimabue or Giotto in Italy. I have seen a text so written that the prolonged tails of the letters formed a ship, and another written in a circle with the extended tails converging in the centre. In old Turkish houses and in present Arabic houses the *divan khané*, or reception room, contains a raised alcove at one end, with long divans on three sides, and at one side the special seat of the *Buyuk Hanum* (great lady), with niches for her treasures and jewels.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

In these Turkish houses there used always to be a sort of dumb-waiter, that instead of going from one floor to another turned around, carrying dishes or messages from the *selamlık* to the *harem*. This creaking cupboard was the repository of many a secret, and used to figure romantically in old Turkish stories.

Now you have seen a typical Turkish house, but there are many deviations from the type, the principal differences showing themselves in the arrangements of the dining-rooms and the bedrooms, and in the furniture.

In an old-time household there are two dining-rooms, one for the men and one for the women, and the table is a large tray placed on a low stool, around which the people sit on the floor. In the centre of this table is placed the main dish, from which the eaters dip each his own supply of food to his own plate, or perhaps eat it directly from the central dish. No conversation is held at this meal, but attention is devoted solely to eating. After the meal a brass ewer and bowl with water and soap are furnished for washing the hands, a very grateful offer. On a special occasion, rose water is poured over the fingers. I have twice partaken of this old-time Turkish meal. One of those times I had to eat soft eggs from a central dish, a feat which I found difficult.

TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

A progressive family in Constantinople makes very different arrangements for eating. The husband and wife and all the children eat together at a European table set just as ours are, and everything is served prettily with china, silver, and glass. At Turkish weddings where there are many guests, some old-fashioned and some modern, two tables may be set, one a long, flower-trimmed European table, the other a round table with central dishes, and the guests will be disposed according to their tastes.

In old times it was very easy for a Turk to take up his bed and walk, for his bed consisted of a mattress and covers which were rolled up in a corner by day, and spread out on the floor by night. The furnishings always included a thick *yorgan* or quilt of cotton, and a perfectly hard pillow. Nowadays most bedrooms contain bedroom sets with bedstead, bureau, and washstand. Of course the washstand must have a faucet, for no Moslem will wash in standing water. The bed may or may not have a spring, and the mattress is of loose cotton, that feels soft to the touch but when pressed down becomes pretty hard. Periodically a Turkish housekeeper calls in a man to fluff up all the mattresses and pillows of the house with what looks like an enormous violin bow,

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

whose rhythmic, whirring bang resounds all through the house.

Although there are many rooms in every Turkish house as simply furnished as those I have described, in a modern and expensive house you will find many European furnishings such as a piano, a few pictures, a case of books, some vases and ornaments. I once called on a princess in a white marble palace on the Marmora, whose rooms, as far as I saw them, were very handsome. The great marble hall was elegantly carpeted with Oriental rugs, and a huge carved teakwood screen stood near the door. The occasion of my call was *Bairam*, and a huge basket of flowers sent with one's good wishes filled the hall with fragrance. We were shown into the first room at the right by a small very black negress, dressed in trailing scarlet silk with a scarlet toque perched on her woolly head. The reception room contained sofas, chairs, and stools, all handsomely upholstered, and many tables large and small. On the wall hung some priceless rugs of silk. The servants who passed us sweetmeats, coffee, and cigarettes carried richly chased silver trays, across which, and hanging down in front, were purple or scarlet covers with their heavy silver embroidery resembling altar-cloths. The princess was dressed in what might have been a

TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

Doucet tea-gown of pale yellow, and was exactly one's girlhood's ideal of a princess—beautiful and gracious, with white hands which it seemed natural to kiss.

An elaborate piece of furniture that is sometimes seen in Turkish houses is a marble console table, surmounted by a gilded mirror and candelabra, and flanked by niches containing silver or china or little mirrors. No Turkish house is satisfactory to its owner unless it commands a fine view, and to this end overhanging stories and projecting balconies are common. Little kiosks by the waterside or on a hill-top where the ladies may sit and enjoy the view, are built in most grounds. Baths are also attached to most houses, while in the more modest sort, a tiny closet with a drain for carrying off the water must suffice.

I have often been asked what the Turks eat—very good food indeed. There is an abundance of luscious fruit in Turkey, melons of several sorts, the best being a longish yellow-skinned melon of fine flavour; apples, peaches, apricots, and nectarines; many oranges and lemons, although no grape-fruit; figs red or green, fresh from the trees or half-dried in Smyrna; mulberries, black or white; Japanese medlars; and of grapes a hundred varieties, of which the most delicious are the famous

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Chaoush grapes. There are also cherries, and the deep-coloured, deep-flavoured Vishna cherry, and strawberries rather pale and tasteless to our palates, and raspberries. Bananas are scarce and high-priced. Vegetables are also abundant in Turkey, and the cooks are skilful in preparing them a great many different ways. Besides all the vegetables common in the north of the United States, potatoes, tomatoes, beans of all sorts, carrots, onions, turnips, peas, asparagus, cucumber and succulent salads, and spinach, there are southern vegetables such as okra, vegetable marrow, artichoke, egg-plant, squash, and cauliflower. Many of these vegetables are cooked in olive oil and served cold; artichoke thus prepared, and seasoned with tiny onions and pieces of lemon, will melt in the mouth. Another attractive way of preparing vegetables is to stuff them. Vegetable marrows stuffed with rice, tomatoes stuffed with rice and meat to be eaten hot, or stuffed with rice and pine-nuts to be eaten cold, are excellent dishes. Egg-plant also is good stuffed with green peppers, or filled with rice. The corn in Turkey is coarse and unattractive; I never saw it on the table, but once was attracted by a huge kettle of it boiling away under a spreading pine-tree near our College. I purchased a fine rich-looking cob, and a



BUYING A DISH OF ICE-CREAM



TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

paper of coarse salt, and tried to eat it, but I could not finish it—the corn was not fit for the table. Sweet potatoes are not to be had, nor bleached celery, but the cooked celery root is very good.

A usual luncheon dish is a vegetable or fruit stew with tiny pieces of meat in it, such as green beans and bits of mutton, prunes or stewed apricot with bits of meat; carrots, celery and meat, chestnuts and meat stewed together, celery and meat, and a thousand other combinations. Another delectable dish is of *dolmas*. *Dolma* is the past participle of the verb “to fill,” but it seems to state the process rather inversely, for the main part is the filling of rice, pine-nuts, and currants, which is enwrapped by grape leaves, some in oil to be eaten cold, and some in water to be eaten hot, with a cream sauce. The taste for cold oil *dolmas* needs generally to be cultivated by foreigners, but, once acquired, it becomes a passion. They are the most toothsome possible lunch for a picnic; piled up high in platters they promise gratification to the most eager appetite. Little fishes stuffed with nuts and raisins afford another proof of the Turkish cook’s ingenuity.

The commonest form of meat on a Turkish table is *kibobs*, which are little squares of

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

roasted mutton. Sometimes a *kibob*, and then a bay-leaf, and then another *kibob* and a slice of sword-fish, will all be run on a skewer and turned before a little coal fire to a delicious brownness. A dish of *kibobs* should properly be accompanied by *pilaff*, in fact every Turkish dinner should include *pilaff*. This consists of rice cooked in meat-stock so that each grain is perfect, and with tomato, or chicken giblets, or pine-nuts, or, for a special wedding dish, with saffron. This takes the place on the Oriental table that the potato does in the west. Of course fish is much eaten on the coast, varying from the huge sword-fish carved in slices to the delicate mullet, red and white, and the tasty anchovy dried and eaten uncooked. One dish that I cannot admire is entrails, even when it is disguised in a thick sauce.

The milk of the country is obtained from cows, sheep, goats, and buffaloes. As none of these animals are inspected, we mistrust the milk to the extent of always boiling it, which of course does away with cream, but there is a delicious sort of heavy cream sold in rolls which is made by boiling buffalo milk until it becomes almost solid. This is called *kaimak*, and may be eaten with bread or cooked fruit or on sweet dishes; or when frozen it makes a very fair ice-cream, especially if eaten with a

TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

delicate fruit ice. This ice-cream is called *dondurma*, and the man who sells it in the streets is the *dondurmagee*; no resident American can resist the smile of the *dondurmagee* in spring, but will stop on the road wherever met to buy a fluted saucer of the frozen delight, and eat it while the *dondurmagee* in red and blue apron, scarlet flannel sash and light-coloured shirt, his sleeves rolled up and his fez over his ear, dishes out more from his travelling freezer.

This brings us to the famous Turkish sweetmeats. Milk and honey and almonds are their principal ingredients, and they are rich and succulent, cloying in their sweetness. One dish looks like a thin cake of brown dough soaked in honey, with little rolls of *kaimal* on it; another is called "wire cake" because the dough is in strings; another is pastry with chopped-up almonds; others resemble blanc-mange with cinnamon or rose water over its polished surface. One apparent blanc-mange proves to be made of powdered chicken breast, and is most toothsome. Of Turkish candy all the world knows, especially of the famous *Rahat loocom*, or "Turkish delight" as we call it, and this is but one of a dozen kinds of excellent sweets. You have doubtless also heard of the famous rose-leaf jam, but do you know of the orange-flower preserve, and the currant

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

jam with every seed picked out of the currants beforehand? One can, moreover, eat a good deal of these sweetmeats, for Turkey is not yet sufficiently civilised to have "impure food," and her candies are of pure sugar.

The principal drink of Turkey is coffee, thick, black, either cloyingly sweet or entirely free from sugar, in tiny cups. This is drunk for breakfast, mixed with hot milk and ladled out of a bowl; it is taken after every meal, and is offered to every visitor as soon as she enters a house. The Turks also use fruit *sherbets* or shrubs—orange, lemon, strawberry, or whatever fruit is in season. They are also lovers of clear water, and a Turk will look at his glass or call for water from his favourite spring with as much attention as a Frenchman will give to his wine.

Turkish women live a very sedentary life, and very few of them have any intelligence about suitable times for eating or correct quantities, therefore they eat frequently, and often become fat and shapeless.

There is a good story told of a Turkish gourmand. It is said there was once a man who dearly loved his evening meal, and every day while he worked he would plan the repast that should end his day. At the thought of the viands his mouth would water and he would



BUYING AT THE DOOR

TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

rejoice over the food that was coming. Then in the evening he would eat the meal thus planned. One day it occurred to him that he got more enjoyment from the long anticipation than from the brief realisation; and then the thought came to him, why not have the anticipation without spending the money the dinner had been costing? So he tried the plan; all day he would say, "I shall have *kibobs* and fine *pilaff* to-night, and after that, wire cake and *yogurt*." He would lick his lips in anticipation and be happy all day, and at night he would eat a simple meal of olives and bread, and remark, "'Tis as if I had eaten." This plan worked so well that in the course of years he had saved enough money to build a mosque, which he called "The 'Tis-as-if-I-had-eaten Mosque."

Turkish dress is in a transition state. A century ago, the dress of both men and women was very gay and picturesque, long flowing robes, rich fur trimmings, huge turbans for the men, and jewels for all; but Sultan Mahmoud the Reformer introduced European costumes into Turkey and did away with *caftan* and turban. Women's dress was less affected than men's by this reform, but gradually women have come to dress more and more like Europeans. The dress of the grandmothers, consisting of loose silk trousers, yellow slippers,

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

embroidered jackets, and flowing sleeves, such as one sees in pictures of Turkish beauties, can now be seen only in the bazaars or in some family chest. In interior towns the women still wear full dark bloomers, and their hair in braids down their backs, but in the coast cities the better class of women wear suits or costumes in the latest French fashion in the house, while over it they put the stylish modernised *charshaf* and veil. The lower classes have unfortunately abandoned their picturesque old costumes for cheap clothing "made in Germany" or Vienna, over which they wear shapeless long cloaks, and a *bashi-orta* on the head. A Turkish lady who sees something of Western society sometimes dresses beautifully, but one often sees absurd combinations of Oriental and Occidental garments, or such misapplied European clothes as the lace *négligée* I saw at my first wedding. Most Turkish women are very slack about their clothes when in the house. I have, in calling, seen ladies with hair in untidy braids, their heelless slippers slapping the floor at every step, their loose wrappers carelessly put on; while to go into the street those same ladies would make themselves very smart. Oriental ladies are exceedingly fond of perfumes, musk and attar of roses being the favourite scents.

What are a Turkish lady's duties? She

TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

has but two; to be attractive to her husband and to bear him children. She is not expected to do any housework; she rarely is the housekeeper, and she never seems to make or to repair garments. Of course I am speaking of the well-to-do. There are poor women who must do all their housework and work hard, but the middle-class Turkish woman does not work. She has plenty of servants who not only cook and wash and clean, but also do the marketing and act as maid or escort to their mistresses, and nurse to the children. These are also often slaves. Britain put a stop to black slavery in Turkey, nominally at least, but ignored white slavery. The Circassian parents, as I have said before, sell their children into slavery, hoping to make the girl's fortune thereby, and there are regular, though secret, slave markets in Turkey. Slavery is in direct opposition to Islamic law, for the Koran recognises as legitimate property only those taken captive in a holy war. But so long as free women cannot appear unveiled before men, slaves are necessary in a household.

How does slavery work in Turkey? The women of course form only one class of slave, the house or family slave, there being no question of her working in the fields, and there being no factories in Turkey.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

The law gives an owner great power over his slave, but also great responsibility. Fatma Aliéh Hanum has written a chapter on Turkish slavery, in which she draws a charming picture of a household with its devoted slaves, for whom the master and mistress care as if for their children, and my slight observation tends to confirm her views. A slack servant may be discharged; a slave never. A slave must be trained, and tended if she is sick, and married when she becomes marriageable; she is often legally adopted by her mistress, and more often legally married to a suitable man. A Turkish lady once brought to the American College for Girls, her little daughter, and a Circassian slave girl. When the daughter left to be married, the slave girl continued her education, and was eventually legally adopted by the mother of her mistress. I know another Turkish lady who has the most charming relations with one of her slaves, whom she calls "Sister," and who has shared in her own education and advantages. The slave girl accompanies her mistress to weddings and calls, and has her own room and her own library of English and Turkish books.

Let me tell you the story of Resha. She is a black girl, the daughter of an Abyssinian prince taken in a raid. Tewfik Effendi wanted a slave for his daughter Saliha, so he got a friend

TURKISH HOUSEKEEPING

to purchase him one and send her to him. He told his daughter that a little black girl was coming to live with her and belong to her. Now the child had heard tales of dreadful black people who gobbled up little girls, and she was very much frightened. Resha, in her turn, was equally frightened for fear her white mistresses would eat her. The black child arrived and was put to sleep in the room with the white child, and both children spent a sleepless night, each trembling in her little bed for fear of the other girl. Soon, however, Resha became Saliha's devoted little maid, performing all personal services for her. When Saliha married, Resha went with her to her husband's house, and when the children were born, Resha became their nurse. Saliha has lately told me that Resha has become a great care to her, and that she cannot dismiss her as she would a servant; for although she freed her some years ago, she feels, nevertheless, that Resha's happiness is her charge. She would like to marry the slave, but has not yet found a suitable husband for her. I said, "I suppose she wants a black husband?" "Oh no," replied Saliha, "she wants him very white, in fact she says he must be blond." Saliha Hanum is looking for the right man for her fastidious black maid, who is rather handsome in the Abyssinian style

CHAPTER VIII

HOW A TURKISH WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

THE amusements of a Turkish lady we should consider rather mild. She is seldom intellectual, therefore her pleasures are not intellectual, nor have lectures, clubs, concerts, and reading circles been open to her under the old régime. She is not athletic even in her youth, so she plays no tennis or golf, and makes no walking nor riding expeditions, nor would these be proper for a modest Moslem. Fancy playing tennis in a veil or riding a bicycle in a *charshaf*. She plays no games, such as bridge, whist, or dominoes, although Turkish men are fond of games of chance. She does not become absorbed in fancy work, her hands do not require to be occupied. What then does she do?

For the most part she *sits*. The Turkish verb *to sit* is constantly used where we should say *stay* or *live* or *visit*. For instance, to the question, "Where are you living?" one gets the response, "I am sitting in Stamboul;" or "Are you married?" brings the answer, "No, I am sitting at home." And this is literally



OUT FOR A WALK

HOW A WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

true. All Oriental women occupy an enormous proportion of their time in sitting. And when they sit it is not in the restless way that we have, but with the hands idly folded in the lap, in the perfect repose of a sleeping cat, often for hours without even conversation. They often sit cross-legged on the low divans, or on cushions on the floor. Having dropped off their slippers, they may put their feet under them, or raise their knees high, in more or less awkward positions : but Turkish etiquette forbids that the feet be extended ; their little feet and stocky ankles must be kept out of sight in the house. Smoking is very common among Turkish women, who can roll cigarettes and light them with great deftness, and who keep cigarettes always at hand to offer to a guest after her coffee. Turkish cigarettes are pure tobacco, light and of a fine flavour, and a constant smoker consumes an enormous number in a day.

Turkish women love to go out of doors and sit. On a Friday afternoon one may see all the open fields and hillsides, and even the sides of the roads, in Scutari or some other half-country suburb, bright with the *charshafs* and parasols of sitting women. Perhaps a husband brings his wives out, perhaps a group of women is escorted by a servant, perhaps a mother has

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

brought her children to the *maidan*—there they are, hundreds on the greensward. Near by are itinerant vendors of *dondurma*, of sweet *helva* cakes like our wafers, of candy for the children, of paper kites or cheap windmills, who drive a brisk traffic with the sitting women. The latter derive much amusement watching passers-by either on foot or in carriages, and occasionally rejoice in the monotonous strains of a hand organ.

Turkish ladies also visit each other frequently, coming early and staying late. At these visits there are coffee, cigarettes, and conversation. The *Bairam* calls are most scrupulously made by a polite Turk. The great social occasions of *hanums'* life are the weddings, and next to those in interest are the circumcisions. It is possible to attend an inferior sort of theatre nowadays, as there are occasional little theatres exclusively for women. Also, there are a few theatres with a partition down the middle of the auditorium dividing the men from the women, and somewhat hiding the stage. At these theatres the plays have generally been a poor sort of European play, put on by Turkish men and Armenian women, for of course no Moslem woman would appear before the foot-lights. But since the revolution a number of Turkish plays have been produced, imperfect in



THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE

HOW A WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

structure, but full of patriotism intensely pleasing to the Ottoman population. The favourite of these plays is called *Fatherland*, and was played by many groups of amateurs during the months after the July revolution. At one gala performance in the great courtyard of the Ministry of War, there was a special section of seats reserved for women, railed off from the rest.

Turkish *hanums* love flowers and beautiful views, and are fond of being taken for a row on the Bosphorus, or the Golden Horn. Beginning with the first Friday in May, the great Turkish resort is the Sweet Waters of Europe, which is the narrowing end of the Golden Horn. You approach this usually by open boat up the Horn. As you advance you encounter many other gay boat-loads, from some of which music may be heard, and when you have rowed three-quarters of an hour, the stream, now narrow between its green banks, is full of light barques, and on the shores are seated group after group of veiled ladies and playing children. Refreshment booths are everywhere, and yellow mats spread out invitingly under the trees. Parties of gipsies in pink or yellow or motley flowing robes will dance for you or tell you a wondrous fortune. Will you have your fortune read? That toothless old woman sitting alone will do

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

it for you. She gets out her kerchief of beads, shells, and buttons, and mumbles over them; then looking up says shrewdly, "What is his name?" You demur, you came to ask, not to tell; but she insists, wagging her old head. "Ah, yes, he loves you very much, more than you do him, he will come over the water, there is a letter"—and on she mumbles while you toss her a coin. The young gipsies are dashing, seductive creatures, with a constant whine for *baksheesh*. To the Sweet Waters come carriages bearing sultanas from the Palace, who do not mingle with the crowd, but pass by, giving you tantalising glimpses of bright eyes and painted cheeks behind the white folds of veil that are rarely worn except by princesses nowadays. The *hanums* stay at the Sweet Waters all the long summer afternoon, but they must be in their houses at sunset. A Turkish day practically ends at sunset.

This last statement requires a little explanation of Turkish time. As Turkey follows apparent lunar time in her year, which is thus two weeks short of our year, she follows apparent solar time for her day; that is, twelve o'clock Turkish is always sunset. As this time shifts with the lengthening or decreasing of the days, Turkish time relative to our time changes every day. For instance,



“SHALL I MARRY SOON?”

HOW A WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

early in September the sun sets at six o'clock ; at that time it is very easy for us foreigners to calculate the 'Turkish hour, for it will be exactly six hours either later or earlier than our watches record. But when the sun sets at 6.20 or at 7.12 the calculation becomes more elaborate, and one is in danger of adding when one should subtract from the sunset hour, and consequently making engagements for an inconvenient time. Moreover, when a man says, "I will come at three o'clock," the question immediately arises, "Do you mean 'Turkish or Frank time?" (We Westerners are all called Franks in memory of the crusading Franks.) Of course this confusion does not exist in a pure Ottoman household, where they have no concern for Frank time unless they take a railway journey. But their watches have to be shifted every day or two to fit the apparent solar time, be put ahead a minute or two every day as the nights come earlier, and be put back a wee bit every day as the nights shorten. The supper hour in 'Turkey is always shortly after sunset, and under the old régime no little boats might ply on the Bosphorus, and no steamers run after sunset, so that the life of the 'Turkish quarters ceased at sunset. This seems to the 'Turks perfectly natural. They say, "We always sup at the same time,

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

just after sunset, but you sup in the daylight in the summer, and by lamplight in the winter, which is very queer." Nevertheless men, especially scientific men, realise the inconvenience of having a calendar different from that of all the rest of the world. In business relations with foreign countries they are obliged to accept the Frank year, which results in a fiscal year of fifty-two weeks, and a religious year of fifty weeks. This produced a curious effect in calculation in regard to Abdul Hamid. In a certain time he grew twenty-six years older, that is, he had twenty-six birthday anniversaries according to the religious year, but he had reigned only twenty-five years, for his reign was calculated by the fiscal or Western year.

Shortly after the July revolution a Turk introduced a bill into Parliament proposing to accept the Western calendar for the year and its time for the day, the former for business reasons, the latter because he said it would lengthen the Turk's day for work. Turks do not rise especially early and they cease to do anything after sunset, so their days in winter are extremely short. At this writing, however, the bill had not been passed. During the nights, *bekgees* or night watchmen strike the hour by pounding on the paving stones with

HOW A WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

iron-shod sticks. To a sleepless Frank the sound is very weird in the middle of the night, and as the hour struck is not our hour, he does not at first realise what the sound is. Sometimes six or eight *bekgees* may be heard almost at once, not exactly together, for nothing is exact in Turkey, but one following another, some near and some farther away. The first night I spent in Turkey I heard the hollow sound and tried to determine its origin, recognising that it was metal striking against something non-metallic; and having heard absurd tales of Turkish horrors, I decided it was a skeleton hitting a gibbet.

A Turkish woman, like every other woman, likes to shop. She never markets; her servants or her husband patronise the fish stalls where the iridescent fishes are temptingly displayed on round trays, the tiny vivid vegetable booths where strings of red peppers and onions vie with piles of deep red egg-plant and green vegetables and yellow melons to make a bower of colour, the meat shops where all sorts of meats hang exposed to the air, the great bake shops where savoury loaves are piled up fresh from the oven, and the fruit shops, and tiny milk shops, and neat groceries. These she does not visit, but she likes to go to the great bazaars in Stamboul, or to the European

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

shops in Pera. Her interest in the third-rate Pera shops I do not share, but the attraction the bazaars exert on her I can quite understand.

The Stamboul bazaars are centuries old and most picturesque. They consist of a number of narrow paved streets, covered with blue starred vaulting which springs from columns or pillars. The entrances are closed at night with heavy iron doors. These streets are filled with tiny shops, each industry occupying one or more lanes, there being a goldsmiths' street, a shoemakers' street, a booksellers' lane, the cloth bazaar, the second-hand quarter, rug streets, embroidery streets, and others. The wee shops, generally of a size to permit the proprietor to sit at his *narghileh* (water pipe) and reach out his long arms towards whatever strikes the customer's fancy, are wedged against one another tightly, and often the space of the lane is half filled with the laden trays of pedlars. Here is a fascinating place to shop. Seated comfortably, and perhaps served with Turkish coffee in a tiny cup or Persian tea in a glass, you may examine rugs, embroideries, or silks for *charshafs*, or red and yellow slippers, at your leisure, and the joy of bargaining is always yours. Think of the pleasure of getting for twenty piastres the article for which the shopman has asked you forty-five, and for which he

HOW A WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

declares despairingly he himself paid twenty-five. Your joy may be clouded later by finding that the article is worth only fifteen, but after all it is the war of wits rather than the reduction in price that charms you. There are some quaint little eating places in the bazaars, but these are not open to Turkish women, who may not sit in a general eating room. There is no place in Stamboul, except the houses of friends, no inn or hotel or restaurant where a Moslem woman is permitted to rest, eat, or spend the night; she must return to her home in the suburbs when she is tired of shopping or very hungry. If she has to cross the Bosphorus to get home she may purchase little cakes, or bread, or fruit on the boat or at the station, and eat them in the cabin reserved for the *harem*. The goods she has purchased are probably wrapped in a huge bundle wrap and carried by her servant.

There is one other social occasion in the Turkish woman's life, a visit to the bath. Any view of Constantinople from a height shows the small yellow domes of these baths, which are scattered all over the city. They are built of stone in the shape of a dome, with no windows except in the roof, which gives sufficient light. There are four or five domed rooms joined together, the outermost being

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

cool and the others increasing in warmth until the inmost is extremely hot. Here the women of the neighbourhood congregate, and after a good soak and rub, and probably a shampoo, they dress their hair elaborately, gird their loins with a striped red and blue towel, put wooden clogs on their feet, and sit down on the marble edge of a pool, prepared to enjoy their friends. Here they drink coffee, smoke cigarettes, tell the gossip of the neighbourhood, perhaps partake of a light lunch, and enjoy themselves for hours. Sometimes they return to the hot chamber for successive bathes before resuming their garments and leaving the bath. The building generally resounds with the howls of children who are having their heads heavily lathered, and whose eyes, mouths, and noses are full of soap. The baths are also used as places to "make up" the beauties with cosmetics, henna, and *kohl*.

Special baths are used for ceremonial ablutions before weddings and other family events, and also after births, as I said elsewhere. The whole family, all the women and the infant boys, together with the slaves, will go together for this occasion. The slaves will carry a fresh outfit of clothing for each lady, which is donned after the bath.

Such are the amusements of Turkish women.

HOW A WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

There are some fashionable women who enjoy a good deal of European society among the wives of diplomats ; there are, of course, certain women who take every opportunity for a love intrigue ; there are, as in all countries, some women so poor or so ill that life holds no pleasures for them. But the ordinary Turkish woman is happy in simple pleasures ; the beauty of the country, a good dinner, a pleasant cigarette, visits with her friends, driving and rowing, a little music, and above all her husband and her children. I will close this chapter with the relation of a simple incident that once came to my attention and charmed me with its breath of simple happiness. I will call it

IN THE WOMEN'S CABIN

I first noticed her in the women's waiting room at the *Scutari scala*. The room was full when I entered ; two rows of women lined the walls, sitting on the long high seats which ran around three sides, and dangling their slippered, gay-stockinged feet several inches from the floor. A gaunt female in a scant snuff-coloured *ferigi* was talking loudly to a wizened little woman, and trying to pay her ten paras for a great ring of bread as large as a grace hoop, made appetising by a coating of sesame seeds.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

The owner of the *semitte*, which was one of a basket full, seemed bent on generosity, and refused to take the coin. The gaunt female pushed the copper into her hand with a loud laugh, and looked around her for approval. "You must have it," she said; then her eye fell upon me in the doorway, and with a wink she asked, "Isn't it so, my lamb?" All of the women laughed sympathetically, regarding me with quick interest.

It was then that a young woman in a purple *charshaf* shot with silver, her veil put back from her pretty oval face, pushed a little nearer her neighbour, a jet-black woman with a solemn child between her knees, and made room for me beside her. As I took the proffered seat, I looked around the room, at my snuff-coloured friend, who was contentedly munching her *semitte*, at the *semitgee*, who had nearly sold out her stock to the children who were waiting with their mothers, at the ragged gipsy, who took advantage of my glance to beg of me, and finally my gaze rested on the dainty figure beside me. Her *charshaf* seemed new and was of a stylish cut, coming down long enough to show only her slippers and just a line of her pale green stockings, instead of slinking in shortly below the knee and leaving the thick ankle exposed, as did those of the other women

HOW A WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

present. The cape of it was laid in pretty folds about her face, carefully concealing her hair but bringing out the deep colour of eyebrow and eye. A handsome parasol lay across her lap, and her gloved hands sparkled with rings. In harmony with all this freshness, her face had that still glow which bespeaks inner contentment. She interested me so much that when the door was unlocked and the guard had cried "Stamboula," and the women poured out of the waiting room, I kept sight of her amidst the jostling crowd of passengers, and passing across the open deck, followed her into one of the small cabins reserved for the *harem*.

Only one other woman was in the cabin, although there was place for ten. She was of the most approved type of Turkish beauty, rolling in fat, with large but light eyes, and hair which had been bleached a light red by henna. Laying back her veil and removing her slippers, she curled herself up on the horse-hair cushions; and after one curious glance at me, turned her side to the wall, and rolling a cigarette between deft, yellow-stained fingers, proceeded to smoke it with half-closed eyes. Having watched the smoker until her face became hazy in the clouds which she puffed gently into the room, I turned all my attention to my pretty acquaintance of the waiting room,

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

who had also laid back her veil and was regarding me with friendly eyes. As she caught my glance, she smiled, disclosing a row of small white teeth, and inquired in Turkish—

“English?”

“Not English,” said I.

“American?”

“Yes, *Effendim*,” I replied.

“Do you come from America?” was the next question, and then—

“Is America as beautiful as Constantinople?”

I looked out of the small window at the widening of the Bosphorus into the Marmora; the sun was sparkling on the blue waves, and the Princes Islands lay bathed in haze just beyond Kadikeuy.

“No,” I replied, “not so beautiful.”

She smiled complacently. Her eyes, which had followed mine to the open window, turned again to the door.

“Once taste the waters of the Bosphorus, and you will never cease to long for them,” she quoted, but her mind was not on the shining waters outside.

The door opened and a man entered to punch our first-class tickets. Both women hastily let down their veils while the door was opening, but put them back again while the ticket man was performing his task. As he went out he

HOW A WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

passed a small window which looked into the body of the boat, and inadvertently pushed aside a little red curtain which protected the *harem* from the curious gaze of lounging men. Her bright eyes were instantly fastened on this window with an eager gaze, as though something outside were absorbing her attention. In a moment an official had closed the curtain, and she sank back on the seat with a sigh almost of rapture. Soon she bent forward again, and clasping her hands before her, and throwing back her head with a pretty movement, said in a low, thrilling, sweet voice—

“I am so happy.”

It was not necessary for me to say anything, my sympathy must have spoken from my eyes, for she poured out her little story with the spontaneity and in the tender warbling voice of a bird.

She was sixteen years old; she had just begun to wonder when she should be married and what her husband would be like, when her kind father found her one. Once only she had seen her bridegroom before the marriage; when she had peeped at him from behind the great sandalwood screen that shut off the *harem*. He was, oh, so handsome, that although he looked stern she had hoped her father would make the proper settlements and

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

they could be married. At last, after fifteen long days, came the wedding. How afraid she was. What if he should not like her when he lifted the white veil from her face? Her heart beat so hard. But he did like her, yes he did, for he tossed great handfuls of silver piastres to the crowd of guests, and then she knew that he was pleased. But after that he hardly looked at her and his manner was cold, and she was so afraid she could not please him. He took her to his home, and she wore all her prettiest gowns (and some of them were the loveliest she had ever seen), but only occasionally would he say, "It is pretty." No, he had no other wife: she drew herself up. Then resuming her intimate manner, she continued: "I knew, however, that he thought I was pretty, but he would not tell me so; but now I understand him, 'the kettle has found its lid,' and we love each other dearly. See," she said, and throwing her arm about my neck, she drew me to the little window, and pointing, showed me through a narrow strip of glass unprotected by the red curtain an officer seated not far from the cabin.

"Isn't he beautiful?" she asked ecstatically, following her exclamation with the customary expression, "*Mashallah*," which is used to avert the Evil Eye from one who has been compli-

HOW A WOMAN AMUSES HERSELF

mented, but uttering it perfunctorily, as though her happiness had cast out fear. She settled down once more, but with her eyes still on the window. "He knew I wanted to go to Koum Kapou to visit my mother, and I begged him oh, so hard to come with me, and he gruffly said he could not be seen travelling about with women. So I got ready to come alone, although I could not bear to leave him—we've been married only two months," appealingly, "but I had to see Mama. Eh, well, my black servant put me into the carriage, and when we got to the *scala*, oh, there he was getting on the boat, and I feel sure, I feel sure he is going with me!" and her voice broke with the fullness of her joy.

The other woman was watching her lazily from the corner.

As the steamer bumped against the wooden dock of the *scala*, I left the cabin and my pretty companion and joined the pushing crowd of passengers. The landing was made only after repeated efforts, the delay giving me ample time to observe the husband of the fair Turk. He was evidently a captain in the cavalry, as his shining boots, his gold epaulettes, and trailing sword indicated. He was well-made but rather small; olive-skinned, straight-featured, and large-eyed, his face would have been im-

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

passive in expression but for the furtive glances he continually cast at the door of the women's cabin.

“*Heidi, heidi*,” cried the boatman, “Stamboul,” and the press began. I was rapidly pushed off the boat, elbowed by women and jostled by men. I made my way up the dilapidated steps of the bridge, but before going towards Galata, I turned to look for my acquaintance once more. She was just being handed into a carriage by the black man, and, after a half-hesitating movement, her husband followed her, and shut the door.

CHAPTER IX

THE REAPER, DEATH

THERE is a sound of wailing in the house ; Death has entered it, and no ideals of self-restraint keep the members of the household from loud expression of their grief. But there is little time for demonstrations, for the funeral, according to Turkish law, must take place within twenty-four hours of the decease.

The body is first washed, which is a sacred rite. *Imams* perform this ceremony for men, but women are engaged to do it for women. In washing, great gentleness must be used, else will the washer draw down on herself the wrath of the dead, as they believe. The corpse, as a last pious act, is made to go through the *namaz* in gruesome pantomime, the stiff hands being folded and moved according to the daily prayer motions. The body is next sheeted, with bits of cotton placed under the armpits, and between the fingers and toes, and laid in a plain pine box. Pepper, spice, and rose water are sprinkled over the body. Over the feet

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

and body are laid fine cashmere shawls, which will be removed when the body is placed in the grave. *Imams* hasten to the house to take part in the funeral services, from whom the head of the house picks out a suitable number ; if he be rich, and the lately deceased a person of importance, the number is large, amounting sometimes to twelve ; for a poor funeral, or for a woman, one is sufficient. These *Imams* chant over the dead body all night, chanting in the names of the twelve followers of the Prophet. In long wailing tones, sometimes of piercing sweetness, they recite the life, apparent death, and resurrection of Jesus, for curiously enough the Moslems regard Jesus as their hope of immortality, and think that he will preside over the Last Judgment. At the third hour (that is, nine hours before sunset) the coffined body is completely covered with gauze scarfs and shawls, even to the face ; then the *Imams* ask each member of the household formally if he owed aught to the deceased, or has aught to forgive. If any one should have a claim to make, it must be settled before the ceremony proceeds ; if, however, no one present has cause for complaint, the dead is pronounced ready to leave the home in peace, and is carried forth head foremost from the house, on the shoulders of men.



IN A TURKISH CEMETERY

THE REAPER, DEATH

Often the coffin is next taken to a mosque, preferably a very sacred one such as the Mosque of the Conqueror in Stamboul, or the sacred Mosque in Eyoub, where there is a special large stone slab for the reception of coffins. Many times I have seen the pine box covered with shawls, lying before a mosque to absorb the holy influence of the place. Few people and no women follow the coffin to the cemetery. There the body is let down into the grave with prayer, and then, when all but one priest have turned away, he calls down into the grave in a loud tone, giving directions to the soul that is voyaging forth. He watches at the grave until midnight, while at the house of death the other *Imams* continue in prayer. Then they partake of food and sherbet, receive the pay for their services, and leave the house. In a well-to-do house where death has taken place, cooks will prepare great piles of sweet cakes, and serve them in the grounds to all who choose to call for them. Needless to say there are many of these ; but, having accepted the hospitality of the house, they must in return pray for the dead.

The Moslems do not mourn as those without hope, for they believe in the immortality of the soul, and a beautiful Paradise for those who die in the faith. The question of woman's immor-

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

tality has often been discussed. Undoubtedly the general feeling among Moslems of an earlier time was that she had no soul, but this is not Koranic, nor is it now held by the intelligent. The Koran reads, "God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, and goodly places in the Garden of Eden, to dwell therein for ever." The following prayer for women, which forms a part of the burial service, shows her claim to spiritual blessings :—

"O Allah, pardon Thou our living and our dead, those of us looking on, and those of us absent, our little ones and our adults, our men and our women.

"O Allah, unto whomsoever Thou grant life, cause Thou her to live resigned to Thy will (a Moslem), and whomsoever Thou call away, make Thou her to die in the faith.

"Cause Thou this departed one to possess Thy solace and Thy ease, Thy mercy and Thy grace; O Allah, if she have been a worker of good works, then do Thou add unto her good works, and if she have been an evil doer, do Thou pass it over. And may security and glad tidings surround her with honour and privilege. And free Thou her from the torment of the grave, and from Hell fires, causing her to dwell in the abodes of the Paradises with her children.

"O Allah, make Thou her tomb a garden of the gardens of Heaven, and let not her grave be a pit of the pits of perdition. For Thy mercy's sake, O Thou most compassionate of the merciful."



TURKISH CEMETERY AT EYOUB ON THE GOLDEN HORN

THE REAPER, DEATH

The Moslems consider that they are but encamped in this world, their true home being beyond, hence they wear no mourning garments for those who are gone. They regard excessive sorrow for children as sinful, because they think it interferes with the children's rest in Paradise, but to mourn for parents is a filial duty. Nevertheless, I have seen very deep grief for a lost child by her heartbroken mother.

Mohammedan cemeteries are weird, and often very beautiful. It has long been a custom to plant a cypress tree by every grave to protect the soul from evil influences, so a cemetery is always filled with what Hawthorne so poetically called "dark flames of huge funeral candles, which spread dusk and twilight about them instead of cheerful radiance." Sometimes the shade is very dense among these trees, but sometimes it is flecked with the southern sunlight. Each grave has a headstone and a footstone, and sometimes a slab of stone between, in which last there is generally a round hollow for the rain to fill with water, that the birds may drink therefrom. The graves all point to the holy Kaaba at Mecca. A woman's grave is dug to a depth corresponding to her height up to her shoulder.

The headstones of the men's graves are adorned with verses from the Koran, or obituary

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

verses. They are painted bright colours, blue, or green, or black, or red, with raised letters in gilt, and are surmounted by stone representations of the head dress the deceased used to wear. The older tombs show great towering turbans, the rank of the deceased being commensurate with the size of the turban; but now that turbans are no longer worn, the tombstone loses much of its former impressiveness, being capped only by a red fez with its tassel in stone. Women's tombstones are like the men's, only there is no crowning fez, and the decorations are always floral or geometric figures on the marble. A conventionalised tree with a straight stem directly in the middle of the stone and branches to right and left is common. I have been told that a woman who has borne children is entitled to full-blown flowers or fruit carved on her tombstone, while a childless woman or maid has only buds. Sometimes a lot in the cemetery is surrounded by a gilt cage-like structure, especially if the tomb be that of a saint. In the latter case one generally sees bits of old rags tied to the gilt rails, for pilgrims thus do honour to a saint, in the pious hope of personal reward. Small graveyards are dotted all over Constantinople and may even be found on private premises, but the great cemetery of Scutari, extending for miles,

THE REAPER, DEATH

with streets and lanes running through it, is one of the largest cemeteries in the world. Some corners are bright with fresh newly painted gravestones, but most of the tombs have become grey with age, and fallen into decay. As you ride through this weirdly lovely grove of cypresses, your horse now trips over a fallen stone and now strikes his hoof against a marble turban, fallen in the pathway. All is in melancholy decay. A Turkish girl once wrote :—

“ A Turkish cemetery is not like an English graveyard, which is rather like a garden. But I think that it is appropriate for a place of the dead to be falling into ruins, and as for flowers, the dead do not need them, they have more beautiful flowers in heaven.”

It will not be inappropriate to relate here a discourse on death and sorrow that I once listened to behind the lattices. I will call it

THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER

“Tears are a language, but only he who sheds them understands it.”—*Proverb.*

It was that mellow hour after dinner when one inclines to reminiscence. Azizi Hanum half reclined on the piled-up cushions of her *sedia*, now drawing gently at the cigarette

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

between her white teeth, now laying it on the little inlaid table beside her and sipping a tiny cup of thick black coffee. Her movements were slow and pleasant, her irregular face was informed with the beauty of intellect and spirit. Her large, beautifully shaped reddish-brown eyes seemed to have looked steadily at the sadness of the world, and her grave, gracious manner conferred a dignity on one whom she honoured with her attention. She was a perfect listener, her eyes seeming to draw out the things you wanted most to say; but just now she was talking slowly, meditatively, in pure French.

“Yes, it is true we Turks have a feeling for melancholy and even tragedy. We prefer it in our books and dramas. The Albanians are quite different; they cannot bear a tragic ending to a tale. To them melancholy is not pleasing, as it is to us.” She laughed slightly. “I am always amused when I think of the Albanian soldiers who saw a performance of *Karaguez*. No, not the vulgar little puppet-show the common people take such pleasure in at *Ramazan*, but an aristocratic *Karaguez*, at a grand pasha’s house, in which a pretty love story was acted. In Turkish stories the lovers never come together in the end, but this infuriated the Albanians, who, drawing their revolvers,

RESTING IN THE CEMETERY



THE REAPER, DEATH

shouted, 'Make them happy, make them happy,' until the frightened manager was obliged to spoil the sad ending of his story, and bring the lovers together."

She took another sip of coffee and a few whiffs of her cigarette before she resumed—

"When we feel a thing, we feel it very intensely : it kills us." She looked sombrely out of the latticed window, then began the following simple tale of Turkish grief and constancy :

"When I was a child I lived with my grandmother near the great cemetery in Scutari. There was a broad meadow before our house, in which I often played, but I preferred to loiter in the cemetery, keeping near its edge so as not to be lost in its cheerless depths. I used to pore over the tombstones, reading the inscriptions and trying to fancy who lay there in his last sleep. The big stones topped with enormous carved turbans sometimes frightened me a little, and those that had fallen, or were perhaps broken, gave me a sense of delicious desolation. I did not enjoy the red marble fezzes that surmounted the modern stones in memory of men ; they seemed commonplace : but I greatly liked the women's stones, graceful in form, decorated with carved flowers and leaves, and painted in fair colours.

"One grave pleased me especially. It was

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

covered with a flat stone, and at its head was another, beautifully carved, and always freshly painted. Every three months I saw that it was repainted, either living moss-green or the vivid tint of blood; and the legend stood out in letters of gold. As the forest of mourning cypress trees makes a dense shade, and most of the stones had lost all their colour, this bright one stood out like a thought of love in a dark heart. I often saw a man sitting on the flat stone, leaning his head on his hand in an attitude of infinite desolation. He seemed old, for his hair was nearly white, and his face was deeply lined. When he was at the pretty grave, I would keep some distance away, peeping at him from behind the trees, my little heart aching for his hopeless grief.

“One day my grandmother took me for a walk, and I begged to go into the cemetery. It was very interesting, for the old lady knew many of the men and women who were sleeping there, and would tell me their stories.

“When we reached the pretty grave, I asked her eagerly who was buried there.

“‘Ah, I knew her well,’ said grandmother. ‘She was one of the most beautiful ladies I have ever seen. She died a year ago, leaving her husband almost mad with grief at her loss.’

THE REAPER, DEATH

“‘Oh,’ I cried, ‘that is the old man who comes and sits on her grave?’

“‘Old!’ exclaimed my grandmother; ‘Aman, Aman, he is little more than thirty years of age; it is grief that has whitened his hair and bowed his shoulders. Why, my lamb,’ she continued, ‘he was so unable to exist without the sight of his beautiful wife, that he had her grave opened three times in six months.’

“I shuddered with horror.

“‘Yes, you may well shudder; the first time the grave was opened, the fair face was scarcely changed, but the last time—’ She stopped abruptly, then after a moment added, ‘He swooned and had to be carried home.’

“You may imagine the powerful impression this tale of sorrow and fidelity made on my childish mind. I watched the grave as constantly as I could after that, and often saw the bereaved husband sitting on the stone, alone in his sorrow.

“Afterwards my grandmother told me that his friends, fearing for his sanity and thinking a second wife would take him out of his sorrow, forced a marriage on him. He went through the forms, but in a lifeless and mechanical manner, and after his marriage continued to come as before to the grave where lay his only love.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

“A year later I missed him for some time from his ghostly haunt, and was told he was ill—how, no doctor could tell, but nigh unto death. In a few weeks he was dead, and I hope his soul is with his beloved in the blessed gardens. But for me the memory of his disconsolate attitude and grief-stricken countenance has always been one of such poignant sadness that I can scarcely bear to recall it.”

CHAPTER X

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

LITTLE Turkish girls are early taught the forms of the Mohammedan religion. They are trained to "make the *Namaz*" five times a day, which is to kneel on a little prayer rug, or with the family on a family prayer rug (the rugs being used to guard against impurities), and say several prayers, bowing their faces to the floor and raising their hands. The hour for this *Namaz* is indicated by the muezzins or priests, who ascend the minaret of the mosque, and from high above the people call them to prayer. It is a beautiful tenor call that rings through the air. At its sound all Moslems are supposed to bow themselves in prayer. Moslem schools suspend their exercises to enable the scholars to join with all the Mohammedan world in prayer to the One God.

As I have said before, school children are taught to read the Koran in the original Arabic, but they do not understand what they are reading. If they learn to recite the whole

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Koran from memory they, like the men, receive the title of *Hafiz*. The Moslems consider it a desecration to translate the Koran from the Arabic language into any other tongue, so no one can read it in Turkish. But the youth are not on this account left unintelligent in regard to its contents, for they are given to read a book suitable for their years, full of rules of conduct and religious dogma and even the old stories that appear in the Old Testament and the Koran. If they study this book carefully, they learn all that an ordinary Moslem need know for his soul's salvation. They learn of the great line of God's prophets, beginning with Noah and Abraham, and ending with Jesus and Mohammed; they learn of the companions and followers of Mohammed, and the growth of Islam; they learn of angels and heavenly powers, of the joys of Paradise and the pains of Gehenna; they learn how and when to pray, and that they should give alms and be just and merciful; they learn of the ninety-nine attributes of God, and say them over on their rosaries; they learn when to fast and to feast, and how desirable it is to make a pilgrimage to the Holy City Mecca, or to the tomb of a saint,—they learn all this and much more from this little book that every household possesses.



MOSQUE OF SULTAN MEHMED THE CONQUEROR



RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

A girl has no other religious teaching, nothing corresponding to our Sunday schools, nor does she often attend services in the mosques. Women may not be present with the men in service. There is an occasional mosque reserved for women, and in some others, arrangements are made by which a congregation of women and girls may be accommodated behind curtains, where they may hear the chanting of the *Imams*, but cannot be seen by the male worshippers. I know Turkish women who have never been inside a mosque, for they are not expected to attend services as the men are. Mosques are not a religious necessity, only a convenience; the *Namaz* may be performed with equal merit in any other place, providing the worshipper face Mecca. The *Namaz* must always be preceded by ablutions. Very sensible, practical sermons are sometimes preached to congregations of men, but women almost never hear such. There is a screened gallery in Saint Sophia, behind which certain women may observe the services in the great auditorium below. The finest service of the year is on the so-called "Night of Power" in the month *Ramazan*, when prayer avails much. On the first Night of Power, the Koran is said to have come down entire to the lower heavens, whence it was revealed in portions to the

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Prophet by the angel Gabriel. On this night every year, the destinies of men are revealed to angels, and, as it were, their accounts for the year are made up. All animals are said to feel the power of Allah at this time, and to bow before him. On that night the immense church is full of rows of men rising and falling rhythmically, while the white-turbaned *Imams* chant a thrilling invocation to worship. The ladies from the gallery can see the thousands of twinkling olive oil lights close to the heads of the worshippers, and the great pillars and domes of the building that fade away into obscurity far above. They can hear the piercing notes of the *Imams*, and the adoring cries of "Allah!" from the multitude. Those who attend the service must feel deeply the mystery and beauty of religion.

Women observe the fast of *Ramazán* as religiously as the men. For that month of thirty days they fast all day, from that moment in the morning when they can just distinguish a black hair from a white, to the moment when the sunset gun releases them. During this time they may not eat, nor drink, nor enjoy any scent, nor smoke, but from sunset until dawn they may feast. This is hard on working people and students, who have to keep the days full of work, but it is easy on those who may lie abed

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

much of the day, and feast through the night. Sick women, school children, and sometimes others, may get a dispensation from the fast. Naturally, the great feast meal comes at sunset, and at this meal, called the *Iftar*, there are often many guests. After the meal is over, the women smoke and visit, while the men go out. Two hours after sunset, prayers are performed either in the mosques or in the houses, after which the men amuse themselves with dances and shows, and the children are taken to see *Karaguez*.

I have spoken elsewhere of the *Bairams*, the two great annual feasts, when visits and sending of sweets and flowers, and cards of congratulation to one's acquaintances, fill up the time. I will describe here an *Iftar* which I once ate with some Turkish acquaintances.

The booming of the cannon from the *Tope Khaneh* announced sunset. Upon its dull explosion, the six women seated about a table in the *harem* of a fine house in Stamboul, each hastily swallowed an olive, or stretched out her hand toward one of the little dishes near her; and before the reverberation had died away, announcing that the *Ramazan* fast was at an end for that day, they were well advanced in the first course. They had been seated at table for some minutes, one looking attentively at

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

her watch, another murmuring prayers, and all waiting for twelve o'clock to sound.

The women of Reshad Bey's *harem* had four guests this evening, three of whom were not Moslems, but neighbours and friends of the Turkish hosts. The room was square, with a low wooden ceiling, and unfurnished except for a thin rug on the floor, a stuffed divan under the window, a little stand containing a brass service for washing the hands, and the dining table. This consisted of a huge round wooden tray, placed on a strong squat stool. It was covered with a cloth, and knives, forks, and plates were laid for six ; while in the middle were perhaps a dozen small dishes on a tray, containing olives, jam, cheese, and dried fish. A lamp hung low over the table, casting a yellow light on the faces all so intent on their food.

Reshad Bey's *harem* consisted of his wife, known as the *Buyuk Hanum*, or "Big Lady," and his young daughter-in-law *Kutchuk Hanum*, or "Little Lady." *Buyuk Hanum* was an impressive dowager. She was pale, with fine wrinkles. Her features were strong and clear-cut as a cameo, only the mouth was sunken by the loss of teeth. Her hair, in weird contrast with the severity of her face, was dyed scarlet, and escaped in short fiery locks from the kerchief



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF AHMED



RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

with which her head was bound. Her figure was a huddled mass ; her hands were like her face, finely formed and wrinkled, and their pallor was intensified by yellow cigarette stains.

Next to her sat Kutchuk Hanum, smiling, dowdy, with hair loosely braided down her back, and a large, soft, yellow kerchief thrown over her head and shoulders.

Gulistan Hanum, the Turkish guest, had her hair dressed in European fashion, with glittering combs in it, and over her dress she wore a loose fur-lined garment of light-blue brocaded satin, whose flowing sleeves she was obliged to turn back before she could serve herself. Her colouring was drab, her features high, and her smile gracious and pleased. The other three at the table were Hozanna, a brilliantly pretty over-dressed Armenian lady ; Rachel, a plain, quiet Hebrew ; and Evanthea, a sensible-looking Greek, all dressed *à la Franka*.

“ *Buyuroon* ” (Serve yourselves), said Buyuk Hanum, as the cannon was heard, and speaking, dipped her bread in a dish of jam near her.

When a few mouthfuls had been taken, a heavy-footed maid placed on the table a dish hot from the *mangal*. It quickened the appetites of the fasting ladies, for the *pasterma*, cooked with eggs, is made of strong meat, such

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

as buffalo's, or even camel's flesh, and seasoned heavily with pepper and garlic. Forks and fingers were plunged into the dish, and the dripping savoury morsels carried to the eager mouths. The meal continued, scarcely a word being spoken, except an occasional "*Buyuroon*" from Buyuk Hanum, or a request for water from a guest, or an appreciative gurgle or murmur of "*Mashallah!*" (Praise be to God!) Course followed course, served in silence, and eaten from the one central dish, or removed from there to the plates. Mussels stuffed with rice and pine-nuts, little fishes stuffed with raisins, *pilaff*, sweet dishes of almond and dough, or honey and cream, or of jelly, all succulent and savoury, were some of the viands.

Kutchuk Hanum was the first to be surfeited, and rose silently from the table. Going to the brass ewer, she allowed perfumed water to be poured over her hands, which then were rinsed in the brass bowl, through whose perforated bottom the water disappeared. Then she left the others. Gulistan Hanum followed her after the tenth course, turning down her sleeves over her hands when she had washed them. Rachel and Evanthea tasted the *pilaff* that closed the meal. They all adjourned to another room, and seated themselves for a long sociable evening.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

The room that the ladies entered was long and narrow, with two latticed windows at one end. In the middle of the floor, upon the thick rugs, was placed a large brass *mangal*, from whose coals a gentle heat radiated. A row of upholstered chairs and sofas lined two sides of the room, and a divan stood before the windows. Buyuk Hanum waddled across the room, and seated herself, grunting, on a cushion before the *mangal*. Gulistan and Rachel seated themselves cross-legged on the floor near her. Hozanna spread her silken skirts over one of the chairs, and composed her hands and feet decorously. Evanthea and Kutchuk Hanum sat opposite her with folded hands.

A maid brought in steaming cups of coffee, and for a moment no sound but sipping was to be heard. After the maid had removed the coffee, and cigarettes had been lighted, Buyuk Hanum said, raising her wrinkled hand :

“Now we must have stories, *Inshallah*, for tales pass an evening pleasantly.”

All expressing their delight at this proposition, Buyuk Hanum began the first story, as became her age and position. “Eh ?” she said, “one begins always with Nasr Eddin Hodja, is it not ?” And drawing a long whiff of her cigarette before she laid it on the rim of the *mangal*, she began :

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

“*Bismillah*. Once upon a day, once upon a time, Nasr Eddin Hodja called to his wife : ‘*Hanum, hanum*, come and see ; the moon has fallen into the well.’ She ran at his call, and looking into the well, sure enough she saw the moon there floating on the water. ‘What shall we do,’ he asked, ‘to get it out?’ For it was a sad thing to lose the moon down the well. She rubbed her head to think better, and finally said, ‘I will bring you a hook and rope, and, *Inshallah*, you can pull it out.’ This she did ; and the *hodja* let them down into the water, and pulled. The hook, catching on a stone, would not come up easily, so he pulled, pulled, pulled. Suddenly the stone gave way and the *hodja* fell backward to the ground. As he looked up to the sky, he saw the moon in the heavens. ‘*Hanum, hanum*,’ he cried, ‘I have put it back into its place.’ She, looking up, agreed with him, and they went peacefully into the house.”

The maid offered Buyuk Hanum another cup of coffee, then stood with her back against the wall, open-mouthed in her interest in the story.

“*Mashallah*,” cried Gulistan, “it is a good story.”

The guests laughed heartily, Kutchuk Hanum giggling after all the others had stopped.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

“What a child!” said Buyuk Hanum, in gentle reproof. “One would think she had never heard the story before.”

“I can never help laughing when I hear about Nasr Eddin Hodja,” said Evanthea.

“Nor I,” in chorus.

“We want a tale from our Greek Madama,” said Kutchuk Hanum, smiling at Evanthea apologetically. She had clear brown eyes, regular but rather heavy features, light brown hair whose ends had evidently once been dyed with henna, and she wore spectacles. After some urging she began :

“There was, once upon a time, two brothers, Dimitri and George, the latter a little stupid, and the former very hasty. They were horse-merchants, owning many fine beasts. One day a purchaser coming, asked for eight horses, which Dimitri sent George to the stable to fetch. When George returned he was driving seven horses bound together by a cord, and was riding on the eighth himself. Dimitri, in counting the horses, omitted the one that George rode, so found them only seven. In anger he sent back his brother for the missing horse. The poor fellow searched the stable in vain, and was at length obliged to return to his brother without having found it. Dimitri was then filled with a blind wrath, and rushing

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

on his brother, he stabbed him to the heart. The horse, in the confusion, frightened by the blood, ran to the stall where the seven others were. The murderer, returning to the stall, found eight horses there, and saw his error. Full of remorse for his horrible deed, he prayed God to transform him to a bird. And from that time the accursed bird flies about, crying in mournful tones—

“ ‘ George, George, George,
Did you find the horse?
Ha, ha, ha.’ ”

Whenever we see this bird, we make the sign of the Cross for fear it will cast the Evil Eye on us.”

“ *Mashallah*,” said Gulistan Hanum hastily, and Hozanna shivered.

“ I know no stories except about Nasr Eddin Hodja,” said Kutchuk, laying down her coffee-cup on the *mangal* rim. “ He used to say, ‘ It might be worse,’ whatever evil came to him. One day, for his sins, the devil put him into a great sack, and was carrying him off to Gehenna. He kept chuckling to himself in the bag, and saying, ‘ It might be worse.’ The devil was annoyed to hear him speak thus, and said, ‘ What do you say? If you will tell me how it might be worse, I will let you out of the sack.’ ”

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

“‘I was thinking,’ replied the *hodja*, ‘that it would be worse if you were in the sack, and I had to carry you in this hot place.’ So the devil had to let him out.”

All the ladies laughed at this tale.

“It is much more amusing than mine,” said Evanthea.

It was Rachel’s turn next. She was a poor neighbour to whom the *hanums* were kind, and who won their liking by her gentle, unobtrusive manners and her dog-like gratitude for all kindness. Her appearance reflected her mild personality. Resignation—unquestioning, unresenting, infinitely humble—spoke in her large near-sighted eyes, her figure so curiously bowed at the waist, her calm forehead, and her soft voice. The only aggressive thing about her was her fierce red hair, which rose in a pompadour from her face, and was knotted at the back of her head.

She began, “I will tell you one of our *mashals* that we often relate.

“Once there was a king who had a priest and a rabbi. The rabbi was a great doctor, and was so much favoured by the king for his knowledge of medicines and herbs that the priest hated him and wished to kill him. So he proposed a contest with the rabbi, in which each should try to kill the other by his medi-

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

cines. He was to have the first chance himself. He prepared a strong poison, which he was sure would kill the rabbi immediately. But the clever rabbi, knowing all about poisons, took an antidote before appearing in the presence of the king or his court. The priest was dismayed. What kind of rabbi was this that could drink poison and not be hurt? He began to be afraid. Then the rabbi opened a large box, in which was a smaller box, and so on until there were a thousand boxes. As he opened the last box, he begged the king to turn away his head, for even the odour would kill him. The priest was pale, and shaking with terror of this strange, potent poison. In the last tiny box the rabbi had put a bit of harmless jelly. He told the priest to take some; and the priest, swallowing it, fell dead instantly. Then the rabbi offered it to the king. But the king cried, 'How, would you poison your king?' 'It is not poison, sire,' replied the rabbi, 'it is only jelly. See, I will eat it myself,' and he took the remaining morsel from the box. 'But why did you not give the priest poison?' asked the king. 'Because it is not necessary to kill by poison when you can kill by fright,' replied the rabbi."

The evening was growing late when Buyuk Hanum said :

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

“There is just time for one more story ; and then an old woman must seek sleep, for my days are past when I can sit through the night until the morning drums.

“Once upon a day a youth passed down a street reading a book. A *hanum*, regarding him from her lattice, saw that he was comely and desired him. So she called out, ‘Come in, my soul, for my husband is away, and we can eat and be merry.’ The youth entered, putting his book in his bosom as he did so. She asked, ‘What book wast thou reading?’ and he replied, ‘It is called *The Wiles of Women*.’ They then sat down and ate, and were merry.

“Presently her husband appeared ; and she got up hastily, and pushing the youth into a closet, locked the door. The pasha, entering, cried aloud, ‘What do I see? With whom hast thou been feasting?’ She answered softly, ‘Ah, my husband, I saw a youth who was comely, and I prayed him to come in and eat with me, for thou wast away.’ ‘Miserable woman,’ shouted the husband, ‘where hast thou put him?’ ‘In the closet.’ ‘Give me the key,’ he cried. She handed him the key, and as he took it she cried ‘Philopena.’¹ He dropped the key and burst into a great

¹ The Turks play the game of Philopena just as we do, the one who accepts anything from the hand of the other having to give a present.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

laugh. 'Oh you clever woman, to trick me so! What shall I get thee for a present?' And he rushed off to the bazaars to buy her a gift. Then she opened the door and led forth the youth, trembling with fear. He went from the house; and as he passed her window again, she leaned from it, and cried to him, 'Write this in thy book that is called *The Wiles of Women*.'

Naturally in a land where the level of intelligence is so low among women, superstition is rife. Belief in *djinns*, *peris*, witches, and house spirits is held by the lower classes, and *Shaitan* or Satan is a very real personality to them. Women and children will shrink from an old hag, one answering to Kipling's description, "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair," with the feeling that she may do them some serious harm. The great popular belief is in the Evil Eye. This may be averted by the wearing of blue beads. All donkeys, buffaloes, and horses have gay collars or decorations of blue beads, and children of the lower classes wear a blue charm in the hair. The blue charms may be in the shape of eyes, or they may be crude conventionalised hand shapes—that is, a palm, and five fingers sticking out from it, generally tipped with bits of coral. Another effective charm is of blue beads, with a bit of coral, a bit

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

of alum, and a bit of clove in the end. I regret that I cannot tell you wherein consists their magic efficacy. Another way of averting the Evil Eye, when cast by envy, is by giving the glory to God in the exclamation "*Mashallah!*" (Praise be to God). It is dangerous to praise a baby or a beautiful woman, for that may bring the Evil Eye on them, but if the charm or beauty be ascribed to God they will be safe. So when a *hanum* sees a beautiful child, she does not say, "How pretty she is!" but prudently exclaims "*Mashallah!*" The strong feeling that the name of Allah protects all who invoke it is illustrated in the story of three men who were called before a covetous sultan who wished their goods. He asked the first how he had obtained such wealth, and the plaintiff justified himself. "He lies," cried the sultan, "off with his head." The second, who had overheard the first colloquy, fell before the sultan, and acknowledging his guilty methods of obtaining wealth, begged for mercy. "Off with his head," cried the sultan. But the third, to the demand of the sultan concerning his wealth, replied, "Allah gave it," and the sultan could not move against him.

Islam has always felt the magic influence of words and formulæ. Solomon, the Hebrew king, the Oriental beau-ideal of a monarch,

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

was said to have great power over *djinns* and spirits by virtue of the Most Great Name engraved on Solomon's seal. Therefore we are not surprised to find shops filled with magic writings, holy words, generally from the Koran, to be used as a specific against illness, sorrow, or disaster. The saintly dervishes may interpret dreams, avert the Evil Eye, and discover lost property.

The Turks have one unlucky day in the week, which however is not Friday, as ours is, and believe in many signs and presentiments. Turkish fairy stories are very, very curious, full of strange and monstrous creatures, and lacking all plausibility. How much the children believe them to be true I cannot say. The bird about which clusters most superstition is the stork, which however does not have the power of bringing babies, ascribed to him in the Occident. He is called *Baba Hadji*, or "Father Pilgrim," and on his return from his annual pilgrimage is supposed to be able to prophesy for the coming years. His first appearance is watched, as were the flights of birds in ancient Rome. The stork, they claim, never builds on Christian buildings, but honours the mosques or pious Moslem houses.

The Evil Eye is especially dreaded for newborn babes. Those who come to see the baby

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

seek to avert evil influences by spitting at the child, and using abusive epithets. When all the visitors have left, the women of the household throw on the *mangal* a clove for each visitor. If it explodes it is proof that the person named with it has been guilty of casting the Evil Eye on either the hapless infant or its mother. Measures are immediately taken to protect the supposed victims, who are fumigated with smoke arising from locks of hair thrown on the live coals, this being accompanied by spittings, blowings, prayers, and mystic incantations, until a fit of yawning shows that the Evil Spirit has left the sufferer. After this, a servant is sent to the house of the guilty one to obtain possession surreptitiously of a scrap of clothing belonging to the woman who cast the spell, and this is burned also in the presence of mother and child. Midwives are very learned in spells to avert evil.

The educated Turk seems to me to have no more superstition than we have, but there is a much greater gulf between the educated and the uneducated in Turkey than in Britain and America, and while the latter are sunk in ignorance and consequent superstition, the Turks in whom reason has been cultivated are lifted out of superstition into purified religion.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

The impression that her religion makes on a Turkish woman varies as much as if she were an American woman. Some Moslem women are simply and naturally devout, and live constantly in the fear of God. Some are indifferent, and observe only such religious duties as they are forced to observe. I once saw two Moslem ladies, one a Persian, the other a Turk, in the month of the *Ramazān*, when both should have been fasting, trying to avoid each other in a European house by each disappearing through doors, only to encounter each other, and then rush through another door; the reason being that each had a cigarette in her mouth, and did not wish to be seen by her co-religionist. Some women are too sceptical or too broad-minded to be orthodox Mohammedans. Another class are the Mystics, generally sad women who go to seek comfort from certain pious dervishes, and who come from the presence of these men with their faces illuminated with an unearthly joy, and their souls lifted above their hard lots, and attuned to eternal harmony. There was a sect of these female Mystics called the Sisters of Roum, and in Kavalla there even existed, some years ago, a *tekkeh* of female dervishes. Every religious lady has her favourite *sheikh* and her favourite shrine to which she periodically makes offerings



THE MIHRAB, OR ALTAR, OF A MOSQUE IN BROUSSA

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

of money or shawls and draperies for their tombs. The poor give candles and rags.

All of these types of women are known in other countries ; in fact, in this matter of religion, as in all others, the Turkish women are our sisters, of one aspiration, one faith in God, one desire for beauty and happiness, one love of family, and one love of knowledge when they have once tasted it.

CHAPTER XI

WORKERS AND BEGGARS

IN these days, when so many occupations are being thrown open to Western women, and their field of labour and interest is constantly widening, it is interesting to know what occupations are open to an Oriental woman.

A Turkish *hanum* almost always marries ; in which case, unless she is poor, she sits at ease and is tended by her servants, not even darning her husband's stockings. Of course if she is poor all the household drudgery falls on her. Nevertheless, there are some single women, widows or unmarried girls, or a very few who do not marry at all, who need to work. What can they do ?

They may become servants, but only in Moslem households ; a Moslem would not work in a Christian house. They may serve sweets or fruit or *semits* in the women's cabin or waiting-room of the steamers, but they can never serve in shops for the general public. They may wait on women in the baths, and give

WORKERS AND BEGGARS

massage or assist in the toilet. There are no Turkish trained nurses, although there are some women who do a rough sort of nursing. After the granting of the constitution some women petitioned through the papers to be allowed to study nursing, and the best surgeon in Constantinople said he would admit a few women into his hospital for training; but the counter revolution of April put a stop to all such movements for a time. Another set of women petitioned Hamdi Bey, the curator of the Art Museum, to admit them into the so-called School of Fine Arts; he replied that that was impossible, as men were studying there, and the accommodation was insufficient to admit of women having separate rooms, but that he would arrange later for Turkish women to study drawing and painting. Gipsy women tell fortunes and dance for money, but no decent woman will do this. I suppose some Turkish women must sew for a livelihood, but all the ladies of my acquaintance get their clothes made by Greek or French dressmakers. Cooks, bath-maids, laundry-maids, wet-nurses, coffee-servers, secretaries, readers of the Koran, are found among Turkish women. Old women hawk articles of dress, jewellery, embroideries, and cosmetics from *harem* to *harem*, and carry local gossip as do the New England sewing

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

women. In the royal palace the female officials include the Lady of the Treasury, the Private Secretary, the Keeper of the Seal, the Mistress of Robes, the Lady Water-pourer, the Lady Coffee-server, the Lady Pipe-keeper, the Mistress of the *Sherbets*, the Lady Wet-nurse, the Lady Chaplain, and other ladies in waiting.

The best occupation for Turkish women is teaching. The *Dar-ul-Malumat* school turns out a good many teachers in a year, who give private lessons, become governesses, or teach in the schools exclusively for girls. Of course, these schools being few, this is not a large field. Women also become matrons of schools and orphanages. I call to mind a sweet-faced, elderly lady who is principal or matron of the Industrial School for Girls, and who, they say, is like a mother to the orphan pupils in her charge. Doing embroidery and making rugs are trades by which a girl may make a meagre living, and earn a little dowry for her settlement in life. There practically exist no mills or factories in Turkey. Professional match-making, buying and training girls for the rich harems, and guarding the members of the imperial seraglio, are all occupations along the line of housekeeping. A profession that is coming to the fore since the revolution is that of a writer, this being one which a married

WORKERS AND BEGGARS

woman can best follow, and which will increase in importance with the years. Partly because there are so few trades for women, a very large number are driven to the lucrative employment of begging. I have gathered together a good many facts about beggars, and several authenticated anecdotes, all of which I have woven into a story, which I will relate.

THE BEGGARS

“Do good and cast it into the sea : if the fishes do not know it, God will.”—*Proverb.*

The beggars on the old Karakeuy bridge (and their name is legion) encounter three classes of people crossing between Galata and Stamboul : those who unhesitatingly bestow a coin or two, those who always refuse to give, and those who may be persuaded by importunity or an especially touching appeal. To the first class belong the Moslems, to whom almsgiving is natural both by religion and by temperament ; to the second class belong the Jews and most of the Armenians ; to the last class belong the Levantines and Europeans.

Mrs. Wilkinson was a tender-hearted woman, whose sympathies were continually excited by the scenes on the bridge. Despite the arguments of her husband that the beggars were

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

but encouraged in idleness by her gifts, despite the amusement of her children at "Mother's softness," despite the numerous times she had been deceived by specious tales of woe, she had never been able to harden herself to pass by a beggar who looked ill, maimed, or wretched. The dogs also were recipients of her bounty, and as she never started for town without a few crusts in her pocket for those hungry creatures, and a handful of coppers for her poor, she was generally accompanied by a train of miserable canine and human followers.

She knew every beggar on the bridge, although some of them she could not endure to speak with or look at, but only dropped her coin into their hands hastily. The man with no legs, the starving gipsy woman with her tiny baby in her arms, the boy whose face had been burnt, the mumbling old woman in a heap against the rails, the blind man who eked out his begging by selling cigarette papers,—she gave to them all, receiving a thousand blessings in return. Children never appealed to her in vain, although it wrung her heart to see them start on a life of begging, and with sadness she watched their artless little faces become shrewd and their manner whining and cringing. One little girl attracted her particularly: she was very dark, with soft black ringlets and large



THE GALATA BRIDGE

WORKERS AND BEGGARS

mournful eyes ; her figure was dainty, and well set off by her shabby but bright garments ; her features were decidedly aquiline. She was named Djemili. When Mrs. Wilkinson first saw her, she was standing at the Galata end of the bridge crying bitterly. Mrs. Wilkinson's tender heart was at once touched.

“ What is the matter, my child ? ” she asked gently.

“ My father is dead,” sobbed the child, “ and my mother is so, so ill. We have no bread in the house, and how can she get well ? ”

She looked up at Mrs. Wilkinson with streaming eyes, appearing at once so sad and so beautiful that Mrs. Wilkinson gave her a quarter, and bade her take comfort.

Several days later the child was again in the same place, crying as bitterly as before. Her mother, her dear mother, was worse. The child looked pale with misery, and Mrs. Wilkinson's heart yearned over her. All through the winter she watched for the garish little figure, and many a coin passed from her crocheted purse into the lean brown hands of the child.

A boy known as Hussein, a few years older than the child, also touched Mrs. Wilkinson's kind heart by his sad tale and ready tears.

One afternoon towards evening Mrs. Wilkin-

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

son was crossing to Stamboul. Djemili was standing by the white-frosted men who take toll, holding out her little hand with a beaming smile; mother was better. Mrs. Wilkinson had given a piastre to the toll-taker, and received three ten-para bits in return. One she tossed over to Djemili, the second was soon given to the boy who crawled to her on bandaged stumps. Hardening her heart to the appeals of half-a-dozen ragged but healthy-looking urchins she went on her way, but a scrofulous baby took her last copper. Nearly over the bridge, she stopped to listen to the really beautiful voice of an Arab, who was reclining on a piece of matting against a lamp post, and pouring out rich notes into the evening air. He was large and broad-shouldered, and did not look at all ill except that one eye was bandaged. He was dressed in a loose green robe, on his head was a striped silk square falling in tasselled folds over his shoulders, which, together with his greasy black locks, framed his olive face. As he sang, he threw back his head as though pouring out the music. The soft sound of Arabic poetry joined to sad Oriental chanting delighted Mrs. Wilkinson's ear, as she stood before him until the song was finished. As he ended it he turned his bold eloquent glance on her, and slightly lifted his

WORKERS AND BEGGARS

brass begging-bowl. She opened her purse, and hunted for a copper. Finding one, as she supposed, she dropped it into the bowl and continued on her way. The melancholy song of the Arab seemed to accompany her; it harmonised perfectly with the twilight hour and the poetic atmosphere, half dove-colour, half rosy, in which the idle ships on the Golden Horn and the minareted domes of Stamboul seemed almost to float.

It was not until she came to make up her accounts that evening that she discovered that she must have given the Arab beggar a lira instead of ten paras. It was a little hard to confess it to Mr. Wilkinson, but she was very glad of his practical suggestion.

“Go to the beggar to-morrow and tell him of your mistake. He can hardly keep the pound if he wishes to have any clients on the bridge.”

So the next day Mrs. Wilkinson went back to the spot where the Arab had sung melodiously the evening before, but he was not there. She looked up and down the bridge, but no Arab. A crowd of expectant beggars gathered about her, eager to learn her difficulty and the chance of profit to themselves. She thought of Hussein, but both he and Djemili were away from their posts to-day.

“Eh, Abdul you want? he never comes on

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Friday, *Inshallah!* But you might go to his house ; I can show you the way."

"No, I," "I will go," cried half-a-dozen at once.

His house ! Mrs. Wilkinson felt something of a shock ; it seemed strange for beggars to have houses : but if he had one she might try to find it. So, choosing a bright-looking boy from among the tatterdemalions who surrounded her, she bade him lead the way.

A half-hour's walk brought her to a narrow, dirty street, at the third house of which her guide knocked.

To Mrs. Wilkinson's intense surprise Djemili opened the door ; not, however, the weeping, sad-eyed Djemili she knew, but a smiling girl, who clapped her hands with joy at sight of her patron. Before she could express her astonishment, Djemili had led her upstairs. The house was a two-story wooden house of respectability, although dirty. In the front room, on a *sedia* covered with bright cotton, sat the Arab singer, cross-legged, smoking his *narghileh* in great comfort. Four mattress beds were rolled up and placed against the wall, and over each a dirty but warm quilt was folded ; coarse matting lay on the floor ; in the middle of the room was a cheap iron *mangal*, which diffused a gentle warmth and

WORKERS AND BEGGARS

on whose lids half-a-dozen slices of bread were toasting. Lying on his stomach and basking in the warmth was Hussein.

Mrs. Wilkinson looked about her in bewilderment. Djemili hastened to offer her a stool, which she took, quite overcome by her astonishment ; the man spoke—

“Madama, you gave me a lira last evening by mistake and you are come for it.” His voice was musical, and his manner not without dignity.

Mrs. Wilkinson acknowledged her errand, wondering what it was that made him look different from last night. Oh, yes, she remembered ; one eye was blind then, but now he seemed to have perfect sight.

Abdul prised up a piece of board from the floor and took out a little bag of sacking, which he opened and from which he extracted a gold piece, handing it to his guest with the air of a lord.

Hussein and Djemili were both standing and smiling at her by this time, Djemili almost bursting with mirth.

“O Madama, O Madama,” she cried, “don’t you see? he is my father,” pointing to the singer, “and this my brother, and we all beg, and all live here together happily in our little home.”

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

“But your sick mother?” questioned Mrs. Wilkinson.

Hussein roared, while Djemili explained, “She has gone to a neighbour’s; she is not sick at all.”

The musician smoked his *narghileh* and seemed lost in his dreams. At length Hussein took it upon himself to make it all clear to this lady, who was so kind, yet so slow of understanding.

“We are regular beggars,” he said; “our father can sing, and that brings in many paras, but it is better to have some misfortune also, so he glues up one eye. I weep and tell a sad story, but people do not give nearly so much to me as to Djemili. She is sweet,” he declared with enthusiasm, “she looks so pretty when she cries that people give her a great deal. This way we can have a comfortable home; only my mother does not beg, she keeps the house.”

“But how can you cry?” asked Mrs. Wilkinson; “you look very cheerful now, how can you bring tears easily?”

“Ah, we have something for that, *Mashallah!* See,” and he pulled from his bosom a little box from which he took a pinch of snuff and drew it up his nose. In an instant the tears were running down his face; changing

WORKERS AND BEGGARS

his expression to one of pitiful sadness, he whined “ *Babam yok, anam jok, ekmek yok, ver own para* ” (I have no papa, no mama, no bread, give me ten paras). Djemili laughed again until the tears of mirth came to her eyes.

There was nothing for Mrs. Wilkinson to do but join in the laugh, for these unmoral little tots could not have been made to see their profession as anything but an honourable one.

After that day she had always a smile or a word for Hussein and Djemili when she passed them, and they would smile in return through their tears, but she saved her money for the Little Sisters of the Poor, who knew of the need of their old men and women.

About a year after this experience, she missed the Arab family from the bridge for two weeks. Then the father and Hussein returned but not Djemili. The father sat huddled in his old spot on the sidewalk, holding out his bowl mechanically, but he sang not a note. Mrs. Wilkinson stopped before him and asked, “Where is Djemili?” Without looking up, he replied in a hollow tone, “Dead.” He refused to say anything more, but sat with his head sunk on his breast. Mrs. Wilkinson, greatly shocked, crossed to Hussein’s stand and said :

“Tell me about Djemili.”

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

Hussein burst into tears, tears for which no snuff was needed.

“O Madama,” he said, “the snuff we took to make tears is bad for us, but Djemili would not be careful; the more she took the more she cried, and the more people gave to her. So one day she took very, very much, and it made her awfully sick, and she went home, and that night she died.”

Mrs. Wilkinson found her own eyes wet with sympathetic moisture, as she thought of Djemili’s pretty face and confiding ways, and her untimely end.

“Since she has died, Madama,” said Hussein, “I have been very very sad, I have cried all the time without any snuff, and have gained much money, as much as Djemili and I used to gain together.” His voice sounded a little less plaintive, but then he fell into tears again. “But, Madama, I would rather not gain ten paras in a week, and have my pretty little sister back again. Alas! it is God’s will.”

Inquiry among the other beggars proved the truth of Hussein’s story. Shortly after, he gave up the forced tears and pathetic appeal as a means of livelihood, and fastening his legs to boards, spent his days as a lame boy, whose sad infirmity drew many a piastre from the pockets of the passers-by.

CHAPTER XII

CHARACTERISTICS AND POSSIBILITIES

WHAT are Turkish women like, and what are their possibilities? Let us look at them and see what their faces reveal. Even the gentlemen may look in imagination on these Oriental ladies.

I think the first thing that strikes the foreign observer is that the Turks are not very dark, not nearly so dark as the Armenians or the Persians. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, one of whom was Abdul Hamid II., but his mother was an Armenian. There has been so much inter-marriage with Circassians that the race has become light in colouring. The typical colouring, I should say, is brown hair and eyes and a colourless white skin, but both black and fair hair are not uncommon, and I have one friend with light red hair, hazel eyes, and a delicate pink skin, and another with chestnut hair and a pink complexion. Much of the hair is abundant and softly curly, and is worn either in long braids or arranged in the

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

latest European style. Eyes are generally large and well-set, and for the most part dark. Pure black eyes are not admired by the Turks, brown or hazel being considered much prettier, and most beautiful of all the blue eye, very rarely seen in the Orient.

Turkish women generally have clear-cut, delicate features, with full lips, although one occasionally sees a coarse-featured, ugly young woman. The old women either become hags—hollow-eyed, pale, gaunt—or they settle into fat, placid, white-skinned old women with traces of early loveliness. The noses are sometimes aquiline, although more often straight; but it is in the mouth that the Oriental look lurks, the mouth, that feature that most reveals what sort of people we are. The mouths are calm, not constantly twitching or moving like the American mouth, even when not speaking, and are often slightly sensual, very friendly, not very firm, sometimes sweetly pretty and dimpled. Moles on the face are considered a great beauty. Poets suggest that love has kissed and left a spot, or that spirits whispering in the ear have left their light touch on the cheek. No Turkish woman is considered perfectly beautiful without a mole or two.

As *hanums* lead such a sedentary life, they tend to grow fat, and this used to be considered

CHARACTERISTICS AND POSSIBILITIES

a great beauty ; in fact, the old-fashioned beautiful ideal of beauty in a woman was to be fat, white, and fair-haired. But as European fashions have entered Constantinople, many ladies have come to prefer a slight figure, and some of them are very stylish according to our Western ideas. The evolution of slimness among the *hanums* might be taken as an indication that sloth and apathy are being replaced by activity and eagerness in the Turkish character. I have seen more pretty white hands on Turkish women than anywhere else in the world—delicate, fine hands with well-kept nails, even the dark red stain of the henna on these nails setting off their pretty shape. Europeanised ladies do not use the henna nor generally dye the hair, but fastidious Turkish ladies make up more than ladies of the same class do in the West. Turkish ladies, for want of other employment for their minds, have been very vain.

I would like to describe one or two attractive Turkish women. Nasiri has warm brown hair and large clear brown eyes. Her complexion is a softly pure cream, her face is oval and her features good. When she opens her dewy mouth, she discloses small white teeth, and a dimple creeps into each cheek. Her expression is one of sweetness and freshness, but

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

does not suggest intellectual control. She is tall and finely formed, and her brocaded black silk *charshaf* is stylishly cut. Her veil, pushed back in the house, shows tendrils of brown hair over her clear brow. Her voice is tenderly sweet, and she speaks her beautiful language with soft eagerness. Nasiri is about twenty years old and happily married.

Saliha has a full face, like the moon in the heavens, as Turkish poets would say, suggesting contemplation and serenity. Her abundant hair, coiled in a wavy knot, is chestnut, and her skin as delicate as the inside of a rose-leaf. Her eyebrows brood delicately over her large, soft, brown eyes. Her mouth, now slightly open with pleasure in life, now drooping like a hurt child's, is full-lipped and inviting, and her teeth are like pearls. She is tall, and her figure, suggesting vitality and motherhood, is neither fat nor thin. Her voice has a cooing quality. I saw her last clad in a cream-coloured dressing gown with a bow of cherry ribbon in her hair, bending over her first baby in an ecstasy of mother love.

Turkish women are often not very strong physically. They have known too little how to live, and careless and slothful habits have told on their strength. I see no reason why they should not, with proper training in exer-



A STREET-SELLER AND GIPSIES

CHARACTERISTICS AND POSSIBILITIES

cise and knowledge of their own bodies, become a vigorous people. Dr. Nazim Bey, a remarkable Turkish patriot, a man who, after receiving a fine general and medical education in Paris, assumed the disguise of a *hodja* or a *dervish* and went all over Asia Minor arousing in people a hatred for the despotism of Abdul Hamid, and a desire for freedom, and who was one of the organisers of the recent revolution in Turkey, has interesting views on the Turkish people. He told me that as a physician he had noticed that the mixed races were the strongest physically and intellectually, and that he based his ardent hope for the future of the Turks partly on their being a mixed race, and partly on their being a young race and uninjured by the use of alcohol or absinthe. He said that the Turks had as yet given nothing to the world, that their native intelligence had been stifled by despotism, but that the time was soon coming when they would contribute to the world's knowledge and ideals. His ideas seemed reasonable, and his fervour was contagious. "Mark my words," he said eagerly, "the world will hear from the intelligence of the Turks ere you and I are dead."

Others, Armenians and Europeans, agree with Dr. Nazim Bey on the native and undebauched intelligence of the Turkish peasant,

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

and I see no reason why both men and women, once free to develop, should not form a fine race physically and intellectually. Women have not been regarded by the Turks as intellectually promising, as is shown by their proverb, "Woman's hair is long, but her wit is short." But they are coming to take their place beside the men in intellectual work, as their success in writing, studying, and teaching amply demonstrates.

The moral character of Turkish *hanums* shows the same lack of training that marks their physical and intellectual nature, but also shows great possibilities. A Turkish wife and mother is very loving and devoted, although seldom intelligently so. She has been sharply disciplined to modesty, but not at all to self-control, and will cry aloud or scream, and let herself behave in a way that shocks our Western ideas. She is naturally intensely loyal, and this quality easily develops into patriotism. She has a great deal of natural pride; in Turkey, even among the women, one never forgets that the Turks are the dominant race. In a mixed school the Turks and the English girls associate naturally, while the subject races form another set. A sense of truth has not been developed among Turkish women, for truth demands intelligence, and that the average Turkish

CHARACTERISTICS AND POSSIBILITIES

woman has not possessed. That they can learn to regard truth very strictly is proved by my experience of absolutely trustworthy Turkish women who have received an education.

The Turks have been little understood by the English-speaking peoples. They have been judged, naturally but most unfortunately, by the tyrannical and cruel actions of their late Sultan, and often also by the excesses of Kurds and Bashi-Bazouks, who, while they are Ottoman subjects, are not Turks at all. The world, nevertheless, has been forced to regard with surprise and admiration that wonderful bloodless Revolution of July 1908, by which they threw off the shackles of a blighting despotism, and in which they displayed not only heroism and power of organisation, but such moderation and magnanimity as made the revolution one of the greatest of national achievements. Again, when the treacherous Sultan and his minions organised a counter-revolution in April 1909, and bathed Cilicia in innocent blood, and imperilled the newly won liberty of Turkey, the Young Turks were prompt, decisive, and able in putting down both uprising and Sultan, and still showed themselves untouched by rancour, or spirit of revenge, or bloodthirstiness. The splendid qualities which the Young Turks displayed in these cases as well as in the period of

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

suspense before the outbreak in July, are also possessed by the women of Turkey. They too have heroism, self-sacrifice, love of liberty and of humanity, intelligence in service, and the lofty quality of devotion to an abstract cause.

Let me tell you a little of their work for their country. The conscious preparation for the Revolution took about thirty years. A handful of people in Paris—among them Selma Hanum, working with her brother Ahmed Riza Bey, and another handful in Turkey, had to arouse the whole slumbering land to a sense of the horror of the tyranny under which they were supinely lying, and to a hope in the power of the Young Turk party to save them from that tyranny. In this work of education women took their part. Several Turkish ladies refused to marry, and gave themselves to teaching that so they might enlighten and stimulate such girls as showed a promise of intelligence, and win their adherence to the cause. When the Young Turk party was well organised, women served to carry their dangerous messages and papers from one *harem* to another, for a Moslem woman is never searched. In Salonika, for years the headquarters of the Young Turk party, among the most disinterested and useful of these women was Gulistan Hanum. She had been educated at the Ameri-

CHARACTERISTICS AND POSSIBILITIES

can College for Girls at Constantinople, and when she married Asim Bey,¹ a fine young man, she taught him English and became his friend and companion. She used to take a Boston journal, and culling articles from it that she thought would interest the Turkish women, translated and published them in Turkish journals. Her work in the preparation for the Revolution was recognised in Salonika, for when the constitution was proclaimed there, she was the spokeswoman for the Ottoman women of the city, in an address to the leaders of the Young Turk party. Women were used not only to carry messages but also to convert men to the cause, and in this work they were often very successful.

In the chapter "School Life" I wrote of Halideh Hanum, a graduate of the American College for Girls at Constantinople. She is one of the most ardent patriots I have ever known, and her history is very interesting. After she finished her College course with distinction, she married and soon became the mother of two boys. During these years she wrote a good deal, essays and sketches for the most part, but could never publish them, as all original writing was checked by the Govern-

¹ Asim Bey is now private secretary to Ahmed Riza Bey, President of the Chamber of Deputies.

ment. But her literary attempts cultivated her style, her personal experience disciplined her character, and her studies in Turkish history and literature sharpened both her intellect and her patriotism. With July 1908 came the opportunity to use these qualities. She was lifted to the seventh heaven of joy by the Revolution, and seizing her pen she wrote a poetical outburst entitled "Address of Othman to the Third Army Corps," in which Othman, the founder of the Ottoman Empire, is represented as glorying in the deeds of the Army Corps of Salonika that had executed the bloodless revolution. This article, so Oriental in its imagery and spirit that it is hardly translatable, brought her immediate fame. The editors of a Young Turk newspaper, the *Tanine*, or *Echo*, destined to play a large rôle in Ottoman politics, immediately engaged Halideh Hanum as contributing editor, and she wrote for it regularly under the name of Halideh Salih, Salih being her husband's name. She wrote careful intelligent articles on such subjects as woman's education and curricula for new schools; she wrote burning essays on the griefs of the Cretan Moslems and later on the cruel massacres of the Armenians near Adana; she wrote historical sketches of women who have swayed Turkish rule and rulers; and the people read

CHARACTERISTICS AND POSSIBILITIES

all she wrote eagerly and called for more. Her old manuscripts were gathered up into volumes and she was asked to contribute to seven papers and magazines. Her husband, an able professor of physics in the so-called 'Turkish University, was appointed to the Ministry of Education, with the avowed idea that he would speak not only for himself but for his intellectual wife. She was asked to teach a new school, to organise women's clubs, to be honorary member of men's clubs. The soldiery sent her word that they adored her. There was not a busier nor happier woman in the world than Halideh Hanum from July 1908 to April 1909, and few women have been more influential. Throughout all this period she kept moderate, sane, and unselfish, never leaving off her veil, nor behaving otherwise than as becomes a modest Turkish lady.

When the counter-revolution of April burst upon the astonished city of Constantinople, Halideh Hanum was temporarily carried down by the flood that threatened to drown all progressive and enlightened Ottomans. The office of *Tanine* was wrecked, and her manuscripts were torn to pieces. She fled from Stamboul, and with her children took refuge in her old college. There she showed such endurance, such heroism as one seldom sees. Her cry

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

was "My country, oh my country!" with no word of her own losses or danger. When the army of liberation marched into the city and freed it from the tyrant, and when Abdul Hamid was deposed for ever from the throne he had abused, Halideh Hanum was one of the Young Turks who rejoiced solemnly over the restored liberties of Turkey. She has resumed her writing and will always retain her eager intelligent interest in Ottoman politics, as well as in the larger interests of humanity. Halideh Hanum with her strong intellectual grasp, her trained pen, and her beautiful idealistic character, would be an honour to any country that she called hers.

Halideh Salih is not the only woman writer in Turkey. Ferideh Salih has written for the papers, Niguiar Hanum is a recognised poet, Fatma Alieh Hanum has written several charming books, one lady is writing a play with her husband, Meliha Hanum has translated some poems from English into Turkish. Of the literary work of Gulistan Hanum I have already spoken. The wife of Tewfik Fikret Bey who is considered to be Turkey's foremost living poet, learned all his poems by heart in the old days, for fear that their papers should be seized and destroyed. Several special women's journals were published in

CHARACTERISTICS AND POSSIBILITIES

the winter of 1908-9, containing some very worthy contributions from women.

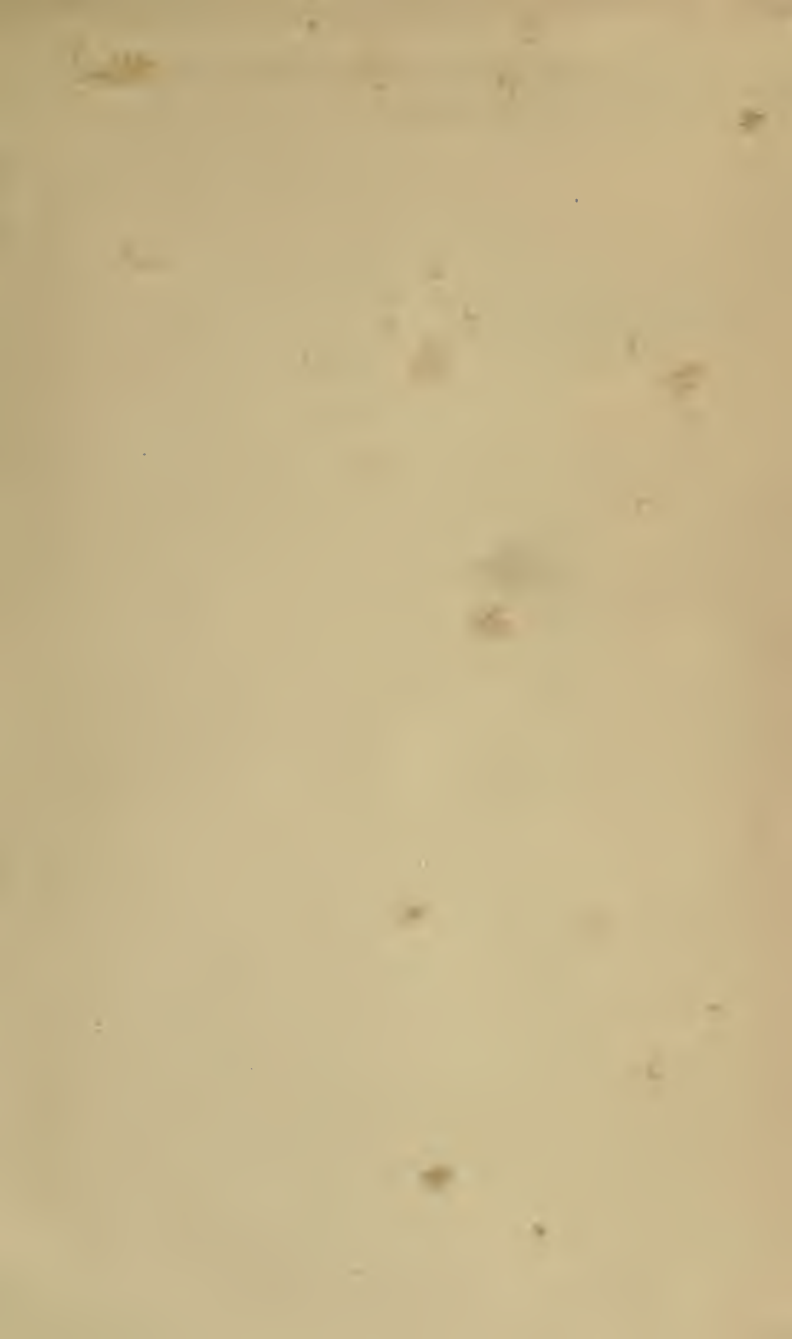
Of course, the increased freedom that came upon Turkey in 1908 aroused great desire in the hearts of Turkish women for a fuller intellectual life. Clubs started up all over the city, and the ignorance and helplessness of so many of the women, combined with their eager desire for culture, was pitiful. Women petitioned to be allowed to study nursing and art. I know one very talented girl, Rabieh Hanum, who without a single lesson in drawing or painting has taught herself to reproduce in black and white such great pictures as she could copy. She is now hoping to study abroad. In the plans made for women's schools Selma Hanum and Halideh Hanum are constantly consulted and will probably have a large hand in working out details. They feel that there are no Turkish women as yet trained to take the headship and organisation of schools for girls, and that American and English women will be needed to start them; but I am sure Turkish women can be trained to make good teachers, and will be quick to absorb Western methods. In the American College for Girls, we find the Turkish girls very docile and eager to learn. This year the Young Turk Government has sent five girls to this college at state

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES

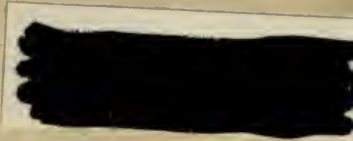
expense to be trained to teach in the coming Turkish schools.

Have I not shown you enough to produce a faith in the future of Turkish people, who can count among them such inspiring intellects as Halideh Hanum, such disinterested patriots as Selma Hanum, such writers as Fatma Alieh Hanum, such pure souls and promising intelligences as are the Turkish women of whom I have written here?

In that future day when Turkey shall take her rightful place among the enlightened nations, by the side of the brave loyal men you shall find intelligent, loving, and high-minded Turkish women.







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